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# I SAYS, SAYS I;

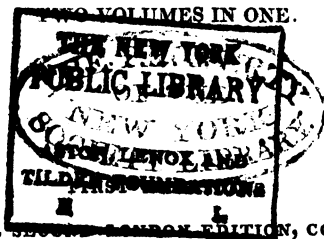
A NOVEL.

BY

**THINKS-I-TO-MYSELF.**

E. NATES, D.D.

.....



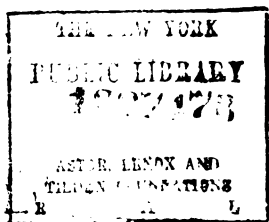
FROM THE SECOND LONDON EDITION, CORRECTED,  
WITH THANKS TO THE PUBLIC, ETC.

**BOSTON,**

PUBLISHED BY BRADFORD AND READ ;

AND ANTHONY FINLEY,  
PHILADELPHIA.

Oct. 17, 1812.



PRINTED BY MUNROE AND FRANCIS.

## PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

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IF the gratitude of an author must be proportioned to the patronage he has received, and by what other criterion can it be regulated? "*Thinks-I-to-Myself*" may justly claim the privilege of expressing himself warmly, where the almost unexampled liberality displayed towards him is so well calculated to call into action every grateful feeling. Although, in the breasts of certain disappointed *publishers*, the success which has crowned his publication has excited certain unchristian-like emotions, such as "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," the author has the proud satisfaction, in addition to the public testimony he has received by the rapid sale of his first impression, of having been favored with several private tributes of approbation, from the most respectable sources. When he first launched his little skiff, rude and unseasoned as its materials were, on the ocean of public opinion, it was under impressions

peculiar to those which influence the ingenious youth who turns adrift the mishapen imitation of a vessel, the construction of which has expedited the lazy march of time, the execution of which excites more of discontent than of pleasure in his mind, and the fate of which is anticipated with but little anxiety. At its first outset he had marked his boat to be so damaged and disfigured by the surf of prejudice, which assailed it with unremitted violence ; and so tremendous appeared the distant billows of criticism which rolled forwards to meet and annihilate it, that he heaved a sigh as he gave the first canvas to the winds, and committed it to the waves, with the certain anticipation of its speedy and unavoidable destruction.

But he has been delightfully deceived. The surf and the billows have failed to overwhelm his diminutive adventurer, which now rides, in a smoother ocean, triumphantly, and, with every sail bent, scudding pleasantly before the breeze. Whatever now may be its fate—whether it will return fraught with a cargo of profit, or of fame ; or whether it will be 'whelmed beneath the mighty billows with which it will have to contend—it has performed more than its architect had anticipated, it has surmounted perils, beneath which barks of greater magnitude have perished. He is contented and grateful for the past ; to the future he looks with hope—but the prospect of future dangers is unaccompanied by pain.

To the public indulgence, however, rather than to any intrinsic merit which his work possesses, the

author is fully aware that he is indebted for his success. The whisperings of self-applause are too faint and indistinct to be heard, amidst the roar of clashing incongruities, and defects with which he is conscious that his volumes abound. The rapid and certainly unexpected demand for a new edition has prevented him from making those alterations which his inclination, had the time allowed of its being carried into effect, would have led him to adopt. Nevertheless, as, with all its faults, the publication has hitherto experienced so very flattering a reception, he is willing to indulge in the hope that this second impression will not be received with the less favour because it has not undergone that serious and detailed revision it required.

While returning thanks to the public, generally, "*Thinks-I-to-Myself*," however, would not forget his acknowledgments to those of his friends, who with an intention to play off a harmless *hoax* on the community, have by their numerous advertisements (apparently directed against his production) tended so materially to increase the curiosity of the public to behold it. These good-natured well-wishers to the author, he is well aware, will be wholly unprepared for this public and candid expression of his acknowledgments; but until they can prove to a demonstration, that he is not "*Thinks-I-to-Myself*," they will find it impossible to convince the public that they are not in reality entitled to his thanks.

In taking leave of his readers of every denomination, the author has only, in addition, to express his

humble wishes that those who have hitherto withheld their censures on his exertions, in the expectation that the work would quickly die a natural death, would now be graciously pleased to withhold them altogether, and permit it to live out the customary term of years which it is allowed to publications of the nineteenth century to live ; and that those who, on the other hand, have waited to hear the opinions of all the periodical critics, before they themselves ventured to praise this novel, will be pleased to wait no longer, but will make public, with all due despatch, all the favourable opinions (and those only) which they may have found on the subject ; to the intent that the existence of the said work may be protracted to as great an extent as possible, and that the name of "Thinks-I-to-Myself" may outlive the mouldering names of all those novelists who, although equally gifted in point of talent, have been less fortunate in their attempts to pluck the food of renown.

## INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

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MY habits of soliloquizing have given such a moral tincture to my sentiments and my manners, that, if I attempt to indite any thing very comical by way of introduction to my work, it is ten to one but I fail. Custom, however, and the incessant applications of my publisher, who daily enters his protests against the delay I occasion to the work, have compelled me to sit down to the task, irksome as it is ; and therefore, like a suicide, driven to act by desperation, I have taken in my hand the weapon of my own destruction.

I have often thought to myself, and my secret thoughts have as frequently been before the Public, causing me many "hair-breadth 'scapes and imminent dangers," which I might never have encountered, had I been gifted with the knowledge of some handicraft business, and a spirit humble enough to have confined itself to the pursuit of its calling. How many evils should I then have avoided, which have now fallen to my share ! how many nights of rest and



days of carelessness might in that case have been mine, in lieu of watchfulness, spleen, hunger, imprisonment, nakedness, and a long catalogue of *et cetera* ! O Nature, Nature ! hadst thou possessed a little more foresight, or a little more compassion for the piece of workmanship which thou turnedst out of hand, when thou settest me "upwards with a little puff of breath, and bid me pass for man," I might, with the help of good fortune, have now been some honest journeyman carpenter, with just enough money to frighten away the wolf, and a superfluity of nothing on earth, a wife, perhaps, and some eight or ten children only excepted ! Then I should never have troubled mankind with my thoughts ; and mankind, in return, would never have troubled me with a motley mixture of censure and applause, of hisses, shouts, smiles, frowns, blessings, curses, plaudits, and damnation.

But things have been otherwise ordained : instead of a silver spoon, I was born with a pen in my mouth ; and, at the age of twenty-nine years and four months, I find myself burdened with all the thoughts of all my brothers and sisters, (as *thoughtless* a group as any man can picture ;) and, as we are about a dozen in number, how is it possible that I can contain all their thoughts without suffering some of them to fly off and stalk about the world ? It is exactly in this point of view that I considered the matter, when I first began to write ; and, thinking that it would be better to arrange my superfluous stock of ideas, and to send them out into the world in something like an orderly form, than to permit them to escape in a tu-

multuous and disorderly manner, I took out a few of them, and drilled them day after day, until they appeared in some degree fit for inspection. They passed in review, and the result, on the whole, was so flattering as to induce me to make further attempts ; until the habit of *thinking to myself*, and then publishing the issue of my cogitations to the world is become as familiar to me, as my regular meals, or my regular rest.

If I were left to my own inclinations, I should break off here, and come to a conclusion ; but, as my publisher tells me I am still some five or six pages in arrear, to make my first volume at all tolerable, I must needs go on, and fill up the requisite space with something or nothing. It is the practice of some writers, in their prefatory chapter, to enter into serious and philosophical disquisitions on novel-writing ; commencing with the origin of authorship, and tracing it through all its different windings unto the present day, and concluding with drawing critical distinctions between the use and abuse of talent ; pointing out what publications are in their nature and tendency mischievous, and what beneficial ; and whether the mischievous or the beneficial part is more greedily sought after and admired. But this is a subject which I shall leave to be treated of by those who are more disposed to the task than myself.

Others treat their readers with a biographical dish, a sort of hodge-podge collection of anecdotes thrown together without system, devoid of truth, wit, or in-

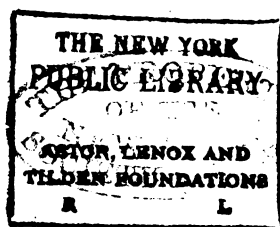
formation ; merely intended to fill a certain cavity in the volume, teeming with the comico-pathetic, and the ludicro-sublime, scorning probabilities in their detail, and dwelling upon absurdities. But of these I do not feel ambitious to be one.

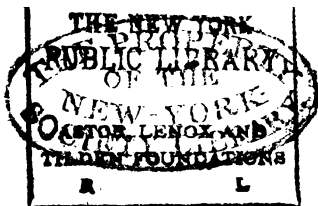
A third class fill up some twenty or thirty pages with protestations of the purity of their motives—with appeals to the indulgence of the public—abuse of others, and indirect applause of their own exertions. These notoriety hunters jog on in the same path, one after the other, and are either too indolent or too impotent to strike out a new course for themselves. Their prefaces are forms ready prepared for their use ; and they have nothing more to do than to fill up the blanks as may suit their own views. I cannot consent to become the companion of these hackney gentlemen in their lazy march.

No, by all my hopes of everlasting fame, (be they weak or mighty, it is nothing to the purpose,) I cannot conscientiously pursue either of these courses. I would wish to commence a new epoch in the composition of introductory chapters ; and to carry this into effect, I could also wish to devote two or three days and nights to the completion of my purpose ; but the reason assigned in the commencement of this Preface is a sufficient apology for my haste in the manufacture of my preliminaries ; and if they lead, under these circumstances, to a definitive treaty of amity between the public and myself, it is indeed the conclusion which, of all others, I most ardently desire.

But as my publisher is waiting for my introduction, and as none of the common modes of introducing myself are at all satisfactory to my own conceptions of the business, I think I shall even leave off just where I am ; and permit the public to enter on the subsequent pages in whatever mood, disposition, temper, or inclination, they may please ; merely premising, that, if they find nothing very attractive in the tale and style of " I says, says I," they may be certain that it contains nothing inimical to morality—nothing from the perusal of which the young man ought to be bebarred, nor from which the old can feel alarm—nothing to awaken desire, nor to create the blush of modesty on the cheek of virtue.

And now I have only further to express my hope, that, whoever shall attempt to wade through this work, will be gifted with a tolerable degree of patience ; and, if they form any judgment at all as to its merits, that they will be pleased to pause until they have completed the last page of the last volume.





# I SAYS, SAYS I.

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HE who sits down to commit all the great and little occurrences of his life to the public eye, ought to be possessed of no common share of virtue, or no common share of resolution ; and this is as much as to say that one or the other of these qualities has fallen to my lot ; which of them it is, let the reader decide, when he has waded through the biographical stream I have prepared for him ; after I have informed him, that if “ Thinks I to Myself ” had not ventured to become a public character, “ I Says Says I,” would never have been heard of.

If I were the slave of custom, or could content myself with treading the common path, I should begin with the period of my birth ; but, as this is an event of which I have no recollection, and as I write from memory, I shall leave this circumstance to be related at that particular era in my history, when I first became acquainted with it myself. Besides, what boots it to the reader whether I first saw the light in a blue chamber or a green chamber ; whether the accoucheur, to whom I was indebted, was a male or a female practitioner—the most skilful which the metropolis could boast, or the more rude inhabitant

of some less cultivated spot—the humble student and assistant of Nature in her simplest state ! What boots it to the reader, to know these things ? Nothing ! So to proceed.

The first circumstance of my life, which impressed itself in any considerable degree upon my mind, was a long journey in an old heavy rumbling coach through a great variety of strange scenery, pent up with a gentleman and lady, whom I had been accustomed to call papa and mama. After travelling for three or four days incessantly, during all which time, with the natural inquisitiveness of childhood, I had asked a thousand questions of the same import, to which I have received as many different answers from an old lady, who accompanied me as nurse, we halted at a beautiful spot called Hendon Park, (as I have since understood,) situated in the middle of Northumberland.

In conformity to the accredited system of novel-writers, I ought now to enter into a detail, occupying at least twenty or thirty pages, to give the reader an insight into the reasons which induced Sir Philip and Lady Russell to take this long journey ; but, to fashionable ears, three words will suffice : *It was summer !* and as Mrs Radcliffe, my nurse, told me, “ nobody thinks of staying in town in summer.” “ Why ? ” says I. “ I can’t tell, my dear,” says she. *I says, says I,* “ then I must find it out.”

For some days this idea made no further impression on my mind. I walked with Sir Philip, played with Lady Russell, and prattled with Mrs. Radcliffe, but I never gave myself any further trouble to in-

quire or to think why people did not stay in town in the summer.

During my rambles I had observed that when the sun shone upon the fish-ponds, the fish played upon the surface ; that the sheep were more happy in the pastures than in the yards ; that even the geese cackled with new delight, when they had escaped from their pens, and had the wide range of the fields ; that the labourer quitted his cottage, and, as he smoked his pipe, the sweetener of his evening relaxations, he sunned himself in the declining ray, and seemed to derive additional happiness from the contemplation of nature's sweetness : these ideas suggested themselves strongly and repeatedly to my mind. I found they were working to some point ; but for the soul of me, I could not ascertain what was their precise object. At length, however, the whole secret burst upon me suddenly like a beam of light. I was no longer at a loss to discover why people sought after the country in the summer.

Inflated with the idea of my own penetration, and unable to restrain my transports, I instantly rushed into the apartment where Mrs. Radcliffe was sitting, overturned a superb service of china, every article of which was broken into a thousand pieces. The accident had no power to turn the current of my thoughts from the channel into which it had fallen ; but, bounding over the scattered ruins of the province of Nankin, while my astonished nurse held up her hands in silent dismay, I sprang into her lap, exclaiming, " I have found it out !"



"I think you have, my dear," returned Mrs. Radcliffe, casting a look of anguish on the floor, and as she gazed, I perceived the tears rising into her eyes. I loved her, and young as I was, I could not see her emotion without participating in it. I felt my cheeks grow moist—my ideas took a different turn—and I totally lost all which I had so recently discovered.

Was I a fool to weep thus at the distress of another ; and that other a poor old nurse ? Be it so ! I was but a child ; and I dare say the knowledge of the world I have since gained, would prevent me from acting so childish a part again. How weak and foolish is Nature, until education has taught her how to behave herself !

When Mrs. Radcliffe saw me shed tears, she checked her own ; and, forcing a smile upon her countenance, which would have served for a matchless model of benevolence, she took me in her arms, and, by her caresses, soon banished the transitory sorrow which had oppressed me. Be it folly or wisdom, I could weep with such a woman, even now, were she to cross my path ; and, when I can call to mind the image of this good being, without uttering a secret wish that she may, from heaven, still regard the wanderings of her nursling, I shall think my heart at least one degree worse for the omission of such a well-deserved tribute to her memory !

"What have you found out, my dear Harry ?" asked Mrs. Radcliffe, in a voice more tender in its tones and cadence than usual : and, whatever *guid-nuncs* may say to the contrary, there is more of ex-

pression in the tone and cadence of the voice, than in the language itself. But what do *quidnuncs* know about it? "That people go in the country in the summer, because the fields are green, and the sun shines more than in London," I replied. "Why, my dear child," returned Mrs. Radcliffe, with a smile, "every body knew that before."

The annihilation of the Nankin china (had it been the only service in the house) was a mere trifle to this disappointment. My nurse's reply grated more discordantly upon my ears than the sound of the parish-bell, which at eight o'clock, every evening, was the signal for my dismissal to bed. My childish vanity had been raised to the highest by the idea of my own sagacity, and to discover after all, that I had only gained a knowledge of what *every body knew before*—

—Ye sanguine alchemists, who, after years of unremitted toil, perceive the dissolution of all your golden visions, and the destruction of your darling hopes—ye disciples of fame, who after a promise of the Heaven ye seek after, suddenly behold the materials of immortality fleeting beyond your grasp—ye spendthrifts who, after squandering your whole property, anxiously wait for the fortune which some inconsiderate father keeps from you, and, at his wished-for dissolution, find yourselves cut off with a shilling---what painful and tumultuous throbbings caused by your disappointments could equal those caused by mine, on hearing that "*every body knew that before me!*"

Suffice it, however to remark, that a subsequent explanation tended, in some degree, to alleviate the bitterness of my afflictions ; and the affair passed off without any serious consequence to my happiness : a circumstance which Doctor Cathartic magnified into a miracle, for he had chanced to call in at the moment, and had furnished me instantly with a supply of nostrums sufficient to prepare me for at least a twelvemonth's indisposition.

It has oftentimes occurred to me since I have been capable of reflection, how pitiable is the case of an infant, whose safety, in consequence of the particular affection which is borne to it, is entrusted to the care of a man of medicine. Not that I do exactly believe that men of medicine have entered into a wilful combination against infancy ; but they seem to be prepossessed with an erroneous opinion that a child is not fit to be received into the juvenile circles until it has had instilled into it certain doses of medicine, such as in the fulness of their Esculapian wisdom they may see fit to administer ! Now it hath frequently and forcibly struck me that this Esculapian wisdom is, in this instance, somewhat misapplied ; and that really children might stand a fair chance in the game of life, if these men of medicine never beheld them.

To see a child wrapped in flannels so closely as really to create a danger of suffocation, while, at the very same moment, the flush of health mantles on its cheek—if a transient and slight cough annoys it, to see it drenched with cordials, elixirs, and so forth, until it is thrown into a state of lethargic stupidity—to behold it crammed, like a young turkey, four-times

a day, to the grievous oppression of nature, and the great vexation of common sense—to contemplate unnatural prejudices and arbitrary customs obtaining the ascendancy over the simple regulations which nature hath laid down for the preservation of the species—ah ! it is enough to excite the choler of a philanthropist.

Thank God ! however, Mrs. Radcliffe was a woman out of the common stamp of those to whom children are usually committed. Her fondness was not carried into absurdity ; her careful attention to my wants, dwindled not into folly ; she was kind without being preposterous, and firm in her method of treatment without being obstinate or bigoted. It may be necessary to add that the stock of medicines sent in by Doctor Cathartic was brought without the sanction or privity of my nurse, and that she absolutely refused to administer one single potion, but ordered them all to be thrown to the dogs,—poor devils, they were ill for a month !

It may seem strangely unnatural, after dwelling so much upon the merits and character of my worthy nurse, and upon the pains which she took to lay a good foundation for my future health, that I never mention the virtues and affectionate manners of my mother. To attempt to describe these qualifications so as to render her a favourite with the reader (which I certainly must wish my mother to be) would be a task so very puzzling in its nature, that I dare not venture into the labyrinth. She was a fashionable lady, and confessed herself publicly to be twenty-five, although her father, unfortunately for her calculation, had been dead forty years, and her mother

thirty-seven. She was as fond of finery, gossiping, and flattery, as any female since the days of Sheba, who took such a monstrous journey, as history informs us, to show her magnificence to, and to hold a gossip with, Solomon, of celebrated memory : she had as many virtues as belong to fashionable females in general, (I leave the reader to guess at their nature and extent,) and if she had no more, it was the fault of fashion rather than her own. Her affection towards me was not very heavily taxed : twice a day I was admitted to filial privileges of the meanest rank ; and, about as many times in the course of a week, I sucked the carmine from her lips. Thus early taught to preserve a respectful distance from her ladyship, my susceptible feelings were never wounded by many fluctuations of maternal affections. She preserved an uniform coolness---a consistent evenness of disposition towards me.

What was deficient, however, in the affection of Lady Russell, although I must do her the justice to believe that she shewed as much regard for me as for any other living being, (her dog, her parrot, and her monkey, excepted ; for it would be unreasonable indeed to imagine a lady of fashion capable of loving a human being with such ardour as these highly-privileged creatures)---I say, what was deficient in her affection for me was amply compensated by the unremitted love which Sir Philip, on every occasion, evinced towards me. As my early reason expanded, he explained to me the phenomena of nature ; opened my understanding to receive impressions of utility ; traced the effects visible in the

appearance of creation and the œconomy of the universe, to their remotest and invisible causes ; and from first accustoming me to admire, ultimately led me to explore and understand, the works of the Creator. From the operations of nature, he would lead me to view the skilful agency of art, and exhibited to my early and astonished eye the amazing results springing from the ingenious combination of both.

But while Sir Philip thus interested himself in laying the foundation of general knowledge in my juvenile capacity, he provided me with experienced tutors in every department of science. At the age of fourteen, I was not only a tolerable proficient in the dead and living languages, but in drawing a landscape, dancing a minuet, making a skilful pass with the small sword, and all the other fashionable accomplishments of the day, I was surpassed by few.

It is true, indeed, my various accomplishments would frequently put me to the blush ; as Mrs. Radcliffe was particularly fond of making me exhibit in the presence of the ladies and gentlemen, who sometimes visited at Henden Park. Nothing could possibly be more irksome to me than these displays of my ability ; for, as there was a strange admixture of volatility and seriousness in my natural disposition, insomuch so that I was now and then denominated an excentric boy, these two opposites would, at times, break out so violently against each other, that, perhaps, in the middle of a hornpipe, a fencing match, or a recitation, (for, by the way, I was also an adept in oratory,) I should make a dead stand, like a pointer

at a covey, and all the plaudits of the company, and the endeavours of Mrs. Radcliffe to boot, could never move me a single inch forward.

That this had very much the appearance of a fault in my disposition, I am as ready to allow as I am to deny that it really was one. If there was a fault any where it was in nature ; and a furnace might as well be censured for the ingredients thrown into it for fusion, as my disposition for the heterogeneous mixture which it contained. But though I knew all this perfectly well ; and though I was well aware of my own docility of temper, and my readiness to oblige every one around me, yet my friends, who could only judge from appearances, broadly insinuated, behind my back, that I was an obstinate blockhead. My pride felt indignant at this unmerited imputation, but I could not prevail upon myself to enter into any explanations which might have had a tendency to remove it.

" Indeed, my dear nurse, I did it as well as I could," says I one day, to Mrs. Radcliffe, who had begun to scold me, as soon as we were in private, for awkwardly thrusting my foil against a lady's stomacher ; and which circumstance had so incensed Lady Russel, that I was compelled to make a precipitate retreat. " Why couldn't you help it, my dear Henry ?" says Mrs. Radcliffe.---" I don't know, indeed," says I.---" You should pay more attention," says she.---*I says, says I*,---" I would if I could."

Answer me, ye connoisseurs in human physiognomy, ye disciples of Lavater, what passes in a woman's mind, when she sets her teeth, and pouts her

lips ; when one long, wide, and deep wrinkle invades the natural smoothness of her forehead, supported on each side by a short, narrow, and shallow one ; when her eye-brows are depressed, and her eyes half closed and beamless, and when her nose and the corners of her mouth are stretched to an extraordinary length. Are these symptoms indicative of delight or anger ? Is it safe at such a moment to ask her for a kiss ?

What, then, is there such mighty virtue in a kiss ? The reader may answer the question himself. I shall go on. " I would if I could," says I ; and, as soon as I had said it, I found I had treated the matter with too much levity. The cloud gathered on Mrs. Radcliffe's brow ; and, as I had not been accustomed to expect or experience storms from that quarter, I felt a strange terror in the discovery. My heart swelled to an overflow, and my eyes began to run over plentifully. I felt something rising in my throat, and strove to suppress it ; but the effort was in vain, and a sob escaped from me. It was followed by another and another ; they became more frequent as Mrs. Radcliffe's countenance became more gloomy ; until, at length, unable to bear the distressing silence any longer, I threw myself into her arms, and sobbed out inarticulately—" I can't bear your anger !"

There is sometimes a great deal of efficacy in a very simple expression. The effect depends greatly on the circumstances which exist at the moment. I very much question whether Mr. Garrow could, with all his eloquence, and impudence into the bargain, have made a more successful appeal to the feelings



of a jury, than this proved to be to my flustered nurse. A kiss sealed our reconciliation : there was a sovereign virtue in the remedy ; and I would not have exchanged my sensations at that moment for the choicest poney in Sir Philip's stud ! Perhaps I set a higher value on them than they deserved ; but I was an enthusiastic lad, and, if I did so, who had a right to censure me ?---the loss, if any, on the balance of feeling, was exclusively my own.

A long explanation ensued, in which I gave my nurse an insight into my real disposition, and the result was mutually satisfactory. It was one of those gleams of sunshine which succeed the clouded aspect of an April day ; it threw such a cheering influence throughout my breast, that I was a thousand times inclined to thank God that I had made such an awkward pass with my foil, since it had led to such a happy *éclaircissement*. The good effects of this explanation did not rest here ; Mrs. Radcliffe took especial care to inform Sir Philip of the substance of this conversation ; and the latter was so delighted to find he had been mistaken in the disposition of his favourite Harry, that he took infinite trouble to make known, throughout our circle of friends, that the next time I was at a fault in any of my exhibitions, the defect must be solely attributed to dame Nature, who had committed some grievous error in the formation of me.

Does the reader imagine that all this time I was immured in Hendon Park, and had never once extended my wanderings beyond the paling which surrounded it ? If he does, he is grievously mistaken ; for, in the space of the last twelve months, I had visited Alnwick

and Berwick, had spent some days in the narrow streets of Durham, and the narrower chares of Newcastle. I had even extended my travels westward through Cumberland, and eastward to the marge of the ocean. These excursions had produced the same consequences to me, that similar tours always produce to similar tourists : they had added a little to my stock of knowledge, and a little to my stock of acquaintance ; for, being well equipped with letters of recommendation, the son and heir apparent of Sir Philip Russel could not fail to meet with a gracious reception wherever he deigned to obtrude his very agreeable person.

Mr. Crampwell, my tutor, who accompanied me on these expeditions, was a man who had derived an intimate knowledge of the world, from an intimate acquaintance with it. To what profession he had been educated—what had been his habits and connections previous to his meeting with Sir Philip, and all the *et cetera* of his early career, are really questions that I cannot take it upon me to resolve. One of the first maxims I had been taught, was, the indecency of asking concerning matters of this description ; and I am ready to believe that the reader also would not wish to satisfy his curiosity at the expence of his good breeding. I hope I am not mistaken in supposing I shall have some well-bred readers !

He was a man of the world ; and like most other men of the world, he was very much alive to his own interest : and, having a free command over Sir Philip's

purse, and knowing that I was an especial favourite, he adopted every method to ingratiate himself in my favour. And this was no such a difficult task ; for, a youth scarcely fifteen is generally open to impressions, and a man of Crampwell's experience could easily render these impressions favourable. He flattered my vanity, winked at my indolence when I was inclined to neglect my studies ; catered well for our table ; was never averse from taking his full share in a frolic ; and was, in fact, just as good a tutor, in every respect, as a young buck of the first class could wish for. I was not a buck of the first class, however ; but I cannot say that I felt any disposition to complain of his management.

*I was not a buck of the first class, I repeat ; and yet, by some error in the judgment of those who witnessed my career, I obtained the distinguishing appellation of a buckish young gentleman. I must confess that I have frequently quarrelled with the name since I came to the metropolis ; for, although, in the country, the utmost latitude of its meaning extends to a little smartness of dress ; no sooner does the name come within the infection of a London atmosphere, than it changes its nature and appearance, loses its innocence, and becomes tainted with a thousand criminal dyes.*

The only pretensions I had to buckism were derived from the constant wear of a scarlet coat, a white satin waistcoat, and green plush — ; and all this smart apparel was surmounted by a hat of small dimensions,

but turned up on each side with a loop. Mrs. Radcliffe had the sole management of my dress; and, as she was often accustomed to express herself, nothing on earth gave her so much pleasure as to see me eclipsing all the other young gentlemen in Northumberland. I must say that this eccentric uniform did not exactly square with my own views; for I had some difficulty to conceal the pleasure I felt. Every evening, when I was ordered to disencumber myself of my finery, for I was in continual terror, while I wore it, lest a drop of grease should discolour the beautiful verdure of my plush —.

This particularity of system and conduct on the part of Mrs. Radcliffe, only extended to my dress; it was an eccentricity belonging to her character, but it did not render her a whit less amiable. Who is there without an oddity of some description or another? Nobody! And I will maintain, let whoever will assert the contrary, that an innocent oddity, that is, such an one as I have described in the character of Mrs. Radcliffe, is so far from appearing as a blemish, that it only serves to throw a stronger lustre upon the virtues which surround it.

Amongst the families who visited Sir Philip, was that of Sir Ralph Diddle, which consisted of Sir Ralph, his lady, a son and daughter. It is to the son that I wish to call the reader's attention at this moment: whatever were his parts, whether shining or dull, it is not to be supposed that I am yet competent to judge;

although his first appearance was by no means prepossessing. The dress of this young sprig seemed to have been copied from mine ; with this only exception, the green was in the coat, and the scarlet in the ——— ; and the loop and buttons, which gave a dignified appearance to his hat, were a little farther advanced in front than mine. In age and size we were much on an equality ; our rank was the same ; our fortunes were nearly alike ; and my name was seldom made the subject of conversation without being immediately and naturally followed by that of young Diddle.

Was it unnatural for two striplings whom the world had connected together, and who were in habits of daily intercourse, in consequence of the friendship between their families—was it unnatural, I ask, that they should become acquainted with each other ? I have lost time in asking such a question. It would have been unnatural had it been otherwise. We were both open, enterprising, and friendly disposed to each other. We rode out together every morning, and an intimacy ensued.

Whoever looks for important consequences from the early friendship of two boys, will look for that which Nature has never warranted ; and, consequently, will be disappointed ; and whoever expects to find any very improbable occurrences in these volumes, will have to read them over more than once ; and, when he has taken this trouble, he may, after all, perchance, lose his expectation. Yet there is such a rage for improbabilities, at the present moment, that I really should not

wonder if there may be some readers who will hope for extravagant things ; and, in that case, they will certainly stand a very near chance of being extravagantly deceived. I am ready to make very low obeisances to the public ; but, with due deference to the public, I must reserve my very best bow for Nature ; who, although she sometimes makes fantastic mistakes, is usually pretty consistent in her behaviour, and who seldom or never takes a delight in making herself altogether ridiculous.

For four or five years, young Mr. Diddle and myself continued our friendly intercourse, without the interference of any thing worthy of notice ; but just as we reached the age of twenty-one, it was agreed that we should make the tour of Europe together, accompanied by Mr. Crampwell, who had contrived to establish himself firmly in the good opinion of the two baronets ; and, as I before-mentioned, he was too prudent to make himself otherwise than agreeable to his pupils. It was accordingly settled, that in the course of the following week, we should take our departure for London, preparatory to our embarkation for the continent ; an expedition to which, with all the natural sanguineness of youth, we looked forward as teeming with all the joys which could gratify the most voracious appetite for pleasure.

The person who seemed to suffer the most at the idea of my departure, was Mrs. Radcliffe. For some years past, she had, in a great degree, resigned her management of me ; but her advice, at this more ad-

vanced period of my youth, possessed the same weight, as her commands carried with them in my childhood. As the day approached, which was to separate us, her agitation, her depression, and her reluctance to part from her darling Henry, appeared to gain ground astonishingly. She was old, and I have frequently since been puzzled to ascertain whether it was the natural weakness of age, or her long affection for me; but, whatever it was, which produced the change, her whole system underwent a revolution, and on the evening preceding the day fixed for my departure, her case was so dangerous, that Sir Philip, who was much attached to her, thought it necessary to call in a physician from the nearest market-town.

I was standing at the bedside of the venerable sufferer, one of her burning hands was clasped between mine; and, in the height of her anguish, a smile lighted up her countenance, as I endeavoured to speak comfort and hope to her. It was a picture of young impatience teaching resignation her duty! In the expressive beam of her eye, I read the struggle in her soul. A feverish hectic flushed her cheek. "But you will leave me," said she, in a faltering voice, "and I shall see you no more." "Nay, nay, my best friend," said I, "we shall meet again, and be happy." "Never," said she, "never, my dear Henry; a few days more, and ———;" she paused, and sobbed vehemently. Had my life depended on an answer, I could not have uttered a word. Did I weep with her?—If the reader has studied my disposition at all, he will not be at a loss to answer the question.—If he had known and

loved Mrs. Radcliffe as I did, he would have wept, or I envy him not his feelings. After a few moments had elapsed, she rejoined, "only a few days! Could you have remained until all is over, I should have died happy."

It was enough! If my immediate departure would have saved France from the horrors of a revolution; the Bourbon family from degradation; and Europe from slavery, I would not, after this scene, have left Hendon Park. What were France, the Bourbons, and Europe, to me, compared with the comforts of this good creature, at such an interesting moment. Had a crown been suspended in the air, ready fitted to my head, I would not have gone beyond the park paling to have caught it. Mrs. Radcliffe might have died while I was crown-hunting; and how should I have merited the gem, who had, for its attainment, rendered the last moments of such a friend miserable!

The physician came, and pronounced her case dangerous! She received the information with a smile of serenity; but I had no celestial philosophy to support me: my sorrows were boundless.

Mrs. Radcliffe had a niece, who resided in a remote corner of Derbyshire; she was an orphan, and to her the worthy invalid expressed a wish to leave the property she had saved from the wreck of wealth. It struck me, that the presence of this young female might prove gratifying to her aunt. I hinted my ideas on the subject to Sir Philip. "Send Edward instantly for her," was his reply; and in less than an hour Edward was on the road.



The following day (the one fixed for my departure) brought the family of the Diddles to Hendon Park, to witness the outset of young Diddle and myself; for, to say the truth, (although I say it at the expense of my character for good-breeding,) my thoughts had been so completely taken up with the sufferings of Mrs. Radcliffe, that, from the moment I had, at her bedside, promised to suspend my journey, it had never once crossed my recollection; so that, consequently, Sir Philip and Lady Russel, as well as the Diddles, remained totally uninformed of the change which had taken place in my intentions. Mr. Diddle was booted and spurred for the expedition.

The height, the depth, the breadth, and the length of a man's wits are never known to a certainty, unless he gets into some devil of a scrape, where it is necessary to bring them all into requisition. At this critical juncture, I endeavoured to ascertain with what share nature had gifted me. I hemmed; coughed; blowed my nose, looked up to the cieling, then down to the floor, then out at the window; but it was all in vain, they attended to none of my signals;—I could not find them any where; and I began to think that the portion intended for me, had, by some dreadful mistake, been given to somebody else. I never suffered so much in my life. "Lord help those that have not wit enough to keep out of scrapes," says I to myself, "or to get out of them when they have once got in!"

All this passed while the Diddles got out of their carriage, and entered the house. I was sitting with

Sir Philip by Mrs. Radcliffe's bedside, when, from the window, I caught sight of the objects which had caused me so much agitation. A better opportunity for explanation could not have offered itself. "As the Devil's a thief," says Sir Philip, (it was a favourite expression of his when he wished to be energetic,) the Diddles are come, and you are not ready for your journey." Mrs. Radcliffe cast a look of expressive anguish on me:—it determined me how to act. Taking Sir Philip by the hand, I led him silently to the bedside, and pointing to the invalid, exclaimed—"When I was in danger, she left me not. Shall the son of Sir Philip Russel be guilty of ingratitude! The delay of a few days must be immaterial."

"You should have thought of this before," said Sir Philip; "how can we make an excuse now?"—"By telling the truth," I replied. He shook his head. I began to divine what this shake expressed—it must either imply—"I am satisfied;" or, "I am not satisfied;" I took it in the latter sense. "I have made a promise, Sir," said I, with more warmth than usual.—"To whom?" was his answer. "To this dear sufferer, and to myself; and he who is capable of breaking a promise made under any circumstances, is but of a feather's weight in the scale of honour and integrity."

I had completely broken the chain of my father's obstinacy. He endeavoured to re-unite the links; but the effort was useless; and after making a stately march twice the extent of the chamber, he made a full stop close to me, fixed his eyes full in my face, and, in a mixed voice, ejaculated—"Then you don't mean to

go, Harry?" I found I might follow up the advantage I had gained. I took him once more by the hand. He read my intentions, and, turning on his heel, rejoined—"Well, well, stay with Mrs. Radcliffe, and I must do my best to pacify the Diddles." I could have died for him at that moment.

In less than a quarter of an hour after Sir Philip had left the room, I saw our visitors once more diving across the lawn. The disappointment, as I subsequently understood, was not much relished by Sir Ralph and his family; but the whole of them with the exception of Mr. Diddle, tolerably well concealed their spleen. The young gentleman, however, muttered something to himself, in which the words "squeamish humanity," and "useless old woman," were only distinguishable. Sir Philip was by no means cool-tempered. He caught the purport of Mr. Diddle's ejaculation, and, advancing towards him, was about to give vent to his rising choler, when Sir Ralph, who perceived the threatening danger, interposed, and making a very polite reply to Sir Philip's apology, drew away his son, and took his leave. On reviewing the whole of this circumstance, I cannot help remarking, that I appear to have got through the business much better than I deserved; and that without any wonderful exertion of wit; so that, after all, I may only be possessed of a very moderate quantity of that useful commodity.

How often is it the case, that the contemplation of an undertaking is more arduous than its execution! I cannot help moralizing as I go on; but those who

don't like my moral sentences, may easily omit them—they have no connection with my story.—I was going to illustrate the observation, by detailing the melancholy accident which lately befel Lady Feignwell's favourite pug, which suddenly became affected with a dreadful malady, which some men have designated *hydrophobia*, (although Dr. Lee has proved that no such disorder exists,) and the learned arguments which were brought forward by a whole conclave of physicians, to induce her to agree, that the operation of drowning should be performed on this unfortunate favourite. In reply to their first arguments, she fell into hysterics; in reply to their second—but I am wandering too far. The pug was drowned, and the lady endured the event itself with more Christian philosophy than she did the anticipation of it. This confirms my position.

Mrs. Radcliffe remained in the same state, floating between life and death, during the next two days; at the expiration of which Miss Parker arrived. I had prepared myself to see an awkward girl, untutored and unaccomplished, just such as she came out of the hands of Nature. I went into the apartment of the invalid, as usual: but I started back on perceiving a beautiful female sitting by her bedside, and clasping her feverish palm. I stammered out an apology—at least what was intended for one, and was about to withdraw, when Mrs. Radcliffe recalled me by exclaiming—"Dearest and best of friends, it is to you that I am indebted for this unexpected pleasure. Maria must thank you for us both. I can indeed now die in peace."

If she had employed any other person to thank me, if I had not been able to get through my part with much credit to myself, I might, at least have escaped without disgrace. It was not so, however ; but let any young fellow, who reads this, place himself in my situation ; a lovely cherub of a girl, a second Hebe, blushing like Aurora, bestowing all the kindness of her kindest looks and words upon me ; and zounds ! let him tell me if he could have performed better than I did. But how did I perform ? I can't swear to answer the question correctly, but I will speak to the best of my recollection.

" Dear sir," says she. " Dear sir," says I to myself ; and as I repeated it, I laid particular emphasis on the word " dear." Now, gentle reader, suppose yourself passing by a shop window, mounted on the top of which is seated a painter employed in his occupation—while you are gaping upwards, to behold his operations, by some accident or other, or by design, if you please, he overturns a kettle of strong staring vermilion, the whole contents of which inundate the surface of your countenance. I'll be bound to be shot if your face would have been dyed a deeper colour than mine was ! I could not account for it ; and while I was attempting so to do, I lost the remaining part of the sentence. She naturally made a pause when she got to the end. I was never at a greater fault in my life ; but I found she had done, and I must say something. My ideas were perplexed ; " Dear sir," says I—I saw I was wrong ; for Mrs. Radcliffe smiled, and Miss Parker blushed ! I would have given the

world, had I possessed it, to have been blessed with a good long fit of coughing.

I advanced, took her hand, and taking Mrs. Radcliffe's at the same moment, I made a movement to unite them. "It is easier than speaking, and quite as expressive," says I to myself. Some how or other, however, I squeezed her hand, and this threw me into such confusion, that instead of placing her hand where I intended, I let Mrs. Radcliffe's go, and pressed Maria's to my lips. It was altogether a mistake ; and if I were to die, I can't tell how it happened. I know not what other blunders I might have committed, had not Sir Philip fortunately entered the apartment. His presence was like a reprieve to a malefactor at the place of execution.

The recollection of my stupidity clung to me the whole evening ; and, when I retired to my room, I endeavoured, but in vain, to account for it to my own satisfaction. After tormenting myself with the subject, during half the night, I dismissed it with a promise to be more careful in future. Before I went to sleep, however, I could not avoid once more congratulating myself on the procrastination of my journey, since it was likely to lead to an acquaintance with a young female, who appeared far to surpass all those who formed the narrow circle of my previous acquaintance.

On the following day I passed the whole of my time in Mrs. Radcliffe's apartment, and I had thus an opportunity of observing Miss Parker more minutely than my confusion on the preceding evening

would allow. I felt no confusion to day—I was not taken by surprise, and my folly at the first meeting had too strongly impressed itself upon me, to permit a repetition of it. I found her well informed on most subjects; amiably diffident in her manners; modest in her speech; and in her dress simple without meanness. Mrs. Radcliffe appeared to derive the most exquisite pleasure from her presence: and the only circumstance which caused me any uneasiness through the day, was the frequency and ardour with which my grateful nurse alluded to my past attentions, and to a thousand other qualities in me, which, with all the extravagance of affection, she magnified into virtues superior to those which commonly fall to the lot of man. I did all I could to check her, but in vain.

Ten days had elapsed since the one on which I was to have taken my departure; and my journey, and the continent, and Mr. Diddle, were as much forgotten as the events of fifteen years ago. My nurse remained ill; but the danger was overpast; and, whatever she thought, she talked less about dying. One morning, however, I received a summons to attend Sir Philip in his study. It was an unusual thing; and, says I to myself, it must be some unusual business which requires it. I obeyed.

Sir Philip was walking about the room when I entered; and, as it was my usual custom on these occasions, I took a brief survey of his countenance, to ascertain whether its import was friendly or not. There was thoughtfulness without anger upon it. It puzzled me; and I was just endeavouring to find a

parallel in Lavater, when he exclaimed, in a tone of voice more serious than ordinary---“ Sit down, Henry.” All the principles of the physiognomist vanished from my mind in a moment ; for the soul of me, I could not recal one of them.

“ I have received a note from Sir Ralph Diddle,” my father continued, “ in which you are concerned. You have seen Maria frequently.”---“ Frequently ! oh ! yes, sir,” I replied. “ She is an amiable girl,” says he. “ Uncommonly so,” says I. ---“ And will make a good wife, added Sir Philip.---“ Nobody can doubt it,” says I.—There was a gold snuff-box lying upon the table ; it was a favourite.---I had taken it in my hand, at the beginning of this conversation, and was amusing my fingers, for my thoughts had nothing to do with the business, with wriggling the lid backwards and forwards ;---the hinges were loose. “ What the devil can all this lead to,” says I to myself. My father proceeded--“ You may easily bring your mind to love a woman.”---“ Such a woman as Maria,” says I. “ Do you think so, my dear boy ?” says my father, starting out of his chair ; “ then all is settled, and I’ll write to Sir Ralph instantly, that he may make his daughter happy.” Off came the lid of the gold snuff-box. “ The devil !” says Sir Philip. My whole soul inwardly echoed back the oath. For the first time, it occurred to me, that Miss Diddle’s name was Maria !

All my former folly and stupidity appeared as a mere nothing compared with this. All the blood in my body rushed into my face ;---the contents of the painter’s vermilion kettle were, by comparison, a



pale white, to its complexion. Sir Philip was too much employed in examining the injury done to his snuff-box, to observe the changes of my countenance; so that I had some time to collect my scattered thoughts. When they were collected, however, I knew not how to give them effect. One moment I determined to put my father right in the business; but then the fear of his anger deterred me. I knew not what to be at.

"What shall I say?" said Sir Philip, laying down the box, as soon as he found it was not altogether remediless.---Shall I tell Sir Ralph you will pay your respects to his daughter in an hour?" My confusion increased prodigiously; but my father mistook the cause. "I see," says he, "that your joy decomposes you." It was nothing but an unbroken series of blunders! I found things grow worse and worse; so I summoned up all my resolution, and replied, "Really, my dear father, there is some strange mistake in this business. Is it possible you meant Miss Diddle?"

"Why, who the devil should I mean?" retorted Sir Philip—"Is the boy mad?" I was half disposed to answer in the affirmative; but I thought it prudent to refrain, although I was convinced that many a poor fellow in a private mad-house, aye, and in a public one too, had scarcely half so much business there as I had at this moment. "Sir," says I, "I was not thinking of Miss Diddle when I spoke so warmly." "No, sir!" says Sir Philip. He never called me *sir*, but when he was most outrageously agitated. I saw the passion of his soul working up


into his countenance ; and I would have given the world to have been out of his sight. It was impossible, however, to escape. I had fallen into the scrape, and must get out of it as well as I could.

I might as well have attempted to move a mountain, as to collect resolution enough to explain my real meaning. I determined to keep it to myself ; but my equivocation was so evident, that I had reason to suspect Sir Philip was not entirely ignorant of its cause. " And pray, sir," continued he, after a moment's pause, " may I ask of whom you were thinking, when you spoke so warmly ?" This question puzzled me more than ever. I coloured, attempted to speak, faltered, and trembled,—" I don't know, sir, who, just at that moment ; that is, sir, I—E." " That is, sir," echoed Sir Philip, " you don't choose to inform me. But mark me, sir ; prepare to go with me this evening to Sir Ralph Diddle's, and make up your mind to be more accommodating to my wishes." As he said this, he cast a look of unusual sternness on me, and, turning out of the room, left me to my reflections.

What those reflections were, I need not take much trouble to explain. If there are any of my readers who have been similarly situated, the explanation would be altogether superfluous. If, on the contrary, I write to those who are ignorant of the subject, I might stand a very good chance of being laughed at for my extravagant folly. I may, however, gain some credit for the assertion, that they were not of the most delightful nature imaginable, and that I was fain to get rid of them as soon as I possibly could and to

make the best of my way to Mrs. Radcliffe's apartment. I had no particular reason for going there, except to relate my stupidity to my old friend, and to gather from her some consolation under this new misfortune. I was not conscious of any other motive ; and if the reader fancies that he can discover any other, I am ready to allow him the credit of knowing my sentiments better than I know them myself. Mrs. Radcliffe was alone. I thought I was glad to find her so.

From the emotions still visible in my countenance, she read the perturbed state of my mind ; and stretching out her hand, she kindly enquired into the cause. I made no hesitation to acquaint her with the whole of the circumstances, exactly as they occurred, I saw no necessity for concealment : I was aware of no impropriety of intention. As I concluded, I turned my eyes on Mrs. Radcliffe ; there was a seriousness on her countenance, of the cause of which I was totally ignorant ; I endeavoured to ascertain it, but the more I attempted the more I wandered from the point. She pressed my hand ; drew me close to her, and with an earnestness of manner which still more surprised me, she asked me, " And pray, my dear Harry, whom were you thinking of when you agreed so completely with your father ? " " Of Maria Parker, to be sure ! " I replied, without a moment's hesitation ; and casting a confident glance on her, as though I was certain of approbation. Her countenance instantly fell : I read sorrow in it.

" And what shall I do ? " I asked ; " how can I go to Sir  Diddle with my father ? " Mrs. Radcliffe,

sighed, as she answered, "You must go, my dear Henry ; obedience to a father is one of the first duties."—"I cannot obey him in this particular."—"And why not in this ?" asked she. "Because," said I, and I hesitated to proceed for some time—"because I do not like Maria Diddle, and I will never do violence to my inclination."—"Would you be equally tenacious about acting against your father's inclinations ?" she asked, with much seriousness in her voice, I answered instantly—"I hope I should, as I cannot suppose he would oppose mine." Mrs. Radcliffe looked still more grave.

I certainly was uncommonly puzzled, for some time, to make out the meaning of all these grave looks, which came at such frequent intervals ; at length however, I decided within myself, that she was grieved to see me placed in such a disagreeable dilemma. No sooner did this idea take possession of me, than I conceived it a duty to speak comfort to her. "Never mind, my dear nurse," says I, "I'll be bound to get through it some way or other." I was deceived in the effect I had anticipated from this consolatory expression : no smile followed it upon her countenance. She became more reserved : I had never seen her so gloomy, and I felt excessively pained. My heart was bursting ; but my pride came to its relief, and suggested that it was unkind in her to leave me in such an extremity, and to assume such a frigid demeanor, when I had need of sympathy and cheering advice. The thought distressed me anew, and I left her apartment unsatisfied and half angry.

I was in no disposition for company, so I bent my steps to the shrubbery ; and seeking the most secluded spot in it, I threw myself on a rude seat, and gave full vent to my feelings. Through a narrow opening amidst the shrubs, I saw the deer sporting on the lawn ; the sight was agonizing to me, and I turned away my head. "It was not well done," says I to myself, immediately.—"What have these animals done, that they may not, uninterruptedly, enjoy their bounded pleasures ?" I could not, nevertheless, reconcile myself to the felicity. My mind was in a discordant state, and every thing around me wore a forbidden complexion. I was so out of temper with my own thoughts, that I was every moment on the point of picking a quarrel with them : they, in return, commenced such active hostility against me, that I found it absolutely impossible to reduce them to a proper state of discipline. They were like hardened rebels, and mutinied with more violence, the more I strove to quell them. I don't know how long I might have remained in this state, had not an object of rather a different complexion suddenly presented itself to my notice.

There are times when the mind becomes so completely neutralized by the opposing powers of certain distressing occurrences, which, for the due preservation of the metaphor, I may as well call acids and alkalis : I say, there are times when it is reduced to such a neutral state as to be altogether indifferent whether life or death is tacked to the end of the next event. I believe this is a pretty accurate description of my state just at the moment to which I allude. I

would not have given the toss up of a sixpence for the choice of evils—I could have pulled off my hat, and said “good bye” to the world with quite as much indifference as the most indifferent philosopher, which ancient or modern times have produced. When a man is in this cue, his situation is enviable with a vengeance !

I had just got to the end of a mental soliloquy, which appeared to me to be of no common importance, and by way of giving due energy to the concluding sentiment, I gave it oral utterance. “No,” says I, pretty audibly, “if Miss Diddle had ten times the fortune she has, which would make it very bulky ; and ten thousand times the beauty, which would make it scarcely passable ; may I be hanged if ever I would consent to tell her I loved her ! I should despise myself for such hypocrisy.”

“Very heroic, truly !” exclaimed a voice close at my elbow, which I knew to be that of Mr. Diddle. All the alkali in my mind was precipitated in a minute—it was no longer in a neutral state—the acid began to ferment most astonishingly. I never had such complete command of my wits before. “You might have chosen a more manly office than that of an eaves-dropper, methinks, Mr. Diddle,” says I. His disposition was as full of gunpowder as mine. I had lighted the train which led to the magazine, and the explosion pretty quickly followed. “This language, sir,” says he, “must be answered in another place.” “Wherever you please, sir ;” says I. He retorted : I recriminated. “If you have the spirit of a man,” says he, turning on his heel, “you will meet

me at five this evening, in the grove of poplars." I had no time for reply : he was out of sight, before my ears had swallowed the last letter of his expression.

The oddity of this occurrence, for it must be allowed that there was an oddity which ran through it, led to a train of thinking ; and this train of thinking was as opposite to that from which Mr. Diddle had roused me, as light is to darkness. I found myself wonderfully altered. Instead of sinking a prey to listlessness, I was fired with new energies—my mind was all activity---my imagination was heated like a "burning fiery furnace." "Bravo !" says I : "Mr. Diddle is the best physician for a fit of the vapours that ever Northumberland, and all the region southward, to boot, have produced."

As I walked homewards, I began to think a little seriously about Mr. Diddle's invitation. I was very well aware that it was what fashionable philosophers would term a *call of honor* ; and calls of honor, like debts of honor, must not be suffered to run in arrear. I had also learned, from the perusal of works on the subject, and from files of precedents (*e. g.* newspaper reports of trials for wilful murder, such as in the case of Campbell, &c.) that it was customary to take a friend and some weapon with one. Now I can't say I felt any particular tremblings or terrors at the thought of the risk I was about to run, although, at the same time, I could not exactly reconcile myself to the propriety of two young men standing deliberately to shoot at each other, because one of them thought the sister of the other not quite so beautiful as he might have been expected to think. It occur-

red to me, how often Mr. Diddle had condemned the policy of a war commenced for territorial acquisitions ; "yet," says I to myself, "he seeks to shed blood on much less substantial grounds—on a mere question of taste, forsooth." It couldn't be helped however ; the laws of honor required that I should meet Mr. Diddle, and, therefore, it was a proof of folly to bring forward arguments to prove the absurdity of the very step I was about to pursue.

The clock struck four as I entered Mrs. Radcliffe's apartment. I had engaged Crampwell to accompany me, and the time was growing short. It was nearly half an hour's walk to the grove of poplars. My nurse was sitting up in her bed ; Maria knelt by her side ; I saw the tears in her eyes ; at my approach she arose, and quitted the apartment. I felt a considerable degree of pain at her movement, and would have stopped her, but I waited ~~presence~~ of mind. I watched her to the door ; a sigh escaped me as I thought it was possible I might see her no more. I was half disposed to be sorrowful ; but I checked the disposition, and slowly drew near the bedside. My arms were folded, and my eyes cast down.

"You seem unwell, my dear Harry," said Mrs. Radcliffe. It was in a tone as tender as usual, and it relieved my depression. I took her hand, and fixed my eyes on her countenance. The gravity, which I had previously beheld in it, was superseded by anxiety blended with terror. I had made no reply to her exclamation, and she continued—"What has happened to cause this agitation ?" I felt the necessity of deceiving her : to speak the truth in this in-



stance would be cruel ; “ and,” says I to myself, “ surely if ever a falsehood can be justified, it must be when its expression originates in a wish to increase the happiness, or diminish the anguish of a fellow-creature.” The position was unanswerable ; I felt its propriety and its force ; and had it been necessary to utter twenty such untruths as these I had framed in my mind, I should not have hesitated another moment.

I had hesitated sufficiently long already to induce Mrs. Radcliffe to repeat her question. I had till then been utterly unconscious of the length of the pause. “ My head is distracted,” I replied : “ and I have been very unwell since I left you.” Whether there was any thing in my tone of voice which betrayed its insincerity, or whether Mrs. Radcliffe’s ears were more suspiciously on the alert than they were accustomed to be, I cannot take it upon me to decide ; but as I finished, she shook her head, as much as to say—“ I don’t believe you, Harry.” She fixed her eyes upon me as though she would pierce my very soul ; I was confounded, and felt a strong glow rising in my cheeks. She replied, “ Is that the truth, my dear Harry ? Don’t deceive your poor old nurse.” *I says, says I*, mustering up all the firmness I was master of, and looking on her in return as steadily as possible—“ Indeed it is.”

She appeared to be convinced so far ; “ but,” says she, may not I ask the cause of this illness ?” Had this question been put in a careless manner, it would have produced but little effect ; but there was a stress, an emphasis, laid on the *I*, which nearly over-

threw my resolution and philosophy at one stroke. It was a sort of *coup d'œil*, and threw me into terrible confusion. I rallied, however, and was about to tell a third untruth, when Mrs. Radcliffe herself relieved me by adding, "I hope your indisposition does not proceed from the reluctance you feel to comply with your father's wishes." I felt uncommonly disburthened : I knew that I could answer the question in the affirmative with the most scrupulous veracity. I was able to display a smile on my countenance as I returned—"Indeed, my dear nurse, that is the cause ; and sooner than give my father any ground to encourage hopes on that score, I would die."—This was the *ne plus ultra* of my fortitude ; I really sobbed with agony as I concluded. Mrs. Radcliffe sobbed responsively ; and there is a secret charm in sympathy, which I have tasted at subsequent periods of my life, and the exquisiteness of which I would not barter for any other feeling to which the human mind is liable.

The time was fleeting fast away ; and I had still an interesting task to perform. I had reasoned on the possibility of the issue of my meeting with Mr. Diddle being fatal to me : and as I had in my possession two or three valuable trinkets (perhaps their value was principally ideal !) I thought it but right to dispose of them, in the event of my fall. My gold watch, I had intended for Maria, and I had prepared a very brief note to accompany it, containing a request that it might not only serve as a memorial of time, but as a *memento* of him who had bequeathed

it to her. I had occasion to take it out of my pocket, to mark the progress of the hour : out of my little space I had already squandered twenty minutes. I had very nearly fell into a fit of moralizing, which would certainly have occupied twenty more. I awoke in time to my danger, however, and shook off the temptation.

" I am going out for a few hours," says I, appearing as cheerful as possible—" perhaps not so long--- perhaps longer. (My voice fell a little here.) I will not take those few things with me ; pray keep them until my return." As I said this, I put my watch into Mrs. Radcliffe's hands, with two or three other baubles. The note for Maria, which explained my real situation and motives, accompanied them. Mrs. Radcliffe looked alarmed. " Good God !" says she, " are you going into danger then ?"— " Danger : oh no !" says I.— " Then why this superfluous, this unusual precaution ?" says she. I was puzzled. I had not prepared myself for this question. I stammered, looked foolish, and should have made some stupid blunder ; but at that moment, my eyes fell upon the dial of the watch. It was half past four ! " I will explain all when I return !" says I ; and taking her hand, I pressed it affectionately, and rushed out of the room.

Perhaps the reader may imagine that the most painful of my business was over. If so, he is deceived ; and I begin to suspect, what is very likely to be the case, that he never went out to fight a duel ; or he would have known that there are so many little ties which hold life together, and that every one, at bursting, causes such excess of anguish, that the

business to be executed before one goes into the field, is ten times more arduous and soul-excruciating than the business of the field. It was so to me, however. I had parted from Sir Philip in anger ; this was agonizing in the extreme : Lady Russell was out on a visit. I had separated from Mrs. Radcliffe ; but, just as I was congratulating myself on my escape from my troubles, I met Maria Parker in the passage leading to her aunt's apartment. I had but a moment : it was an interesting one !

Maria blushed on seeing me, and made a movement to avoid me ; but I was not in a mood to endure a disappointment. I advanced hastily but determinedly, and seizing her hand, exclaimed in a voice of anguish, " Will Maria fly from me, when perchance I may see her no more ?"—" No more, sir !" said she. Her face grew pale ; her hand trembled within mine. I read her soul, and felt assured that life had a value in it for me, of which till now I was ignorant. " I am going on a dangerous enterprise, Maria ; but I shall return in an hour, or never." " Never !" echoed the sinking angel. She was unable to support her agitation ; her head sank on my shoulder ; I pressed my lips to hers ; and whether I had caught the contagion before, or had now imbibed it from her lips, I know not ; but I found out at this moment that I was desperately in love. Perhaps my reader knew this before.

It was rather an awkward time to make a discovery of such magnitude ! It is inconceivably vexatious to find out that a gem within your grasp is beyond value, at the moment you have pledged yourself to

run the chance of casting it from you. Yet such was my situation ! Maria recovered herself a little ; and blushed more deeply than ever, on finding herself clasped to my bosom. I was resolved not to lose the moment, although generosity loudly upbraided me for attempting to win an affection which I might not long survive to enjoy. I once more pressed her lips to mine, and falteringly whispered in her ear—“Maria, I love you !” The expression seemed to work an instant change in her manner : she disengaged herself from my arms, cast a look of anger upon me, and, before I could recover myself sufficiently to detain her, she had rushed to the end of the passage, and had reached her aunt’s apartment.

All the ties of life cracked at that moment, and, with the fury of a desperado, I could have broken them asunder, and smiled in the commission of the deed. I couldn’t have smiled, though, under any other circumstances. I cast a look of unspeakable agony at the door which had separated Maria from my view ; a faint shriek issued from within. I was on the point of hastening to the spot, when Crampwell, who had come behind me, unobserved, seized me by the arm, and, reminding me that I had exceeded the time he had allowed me for my arrangements, hurried me down the stairs.

As we walked over the lawn, Crampwell entered in a conversation evidently studied to draw off my attention from the circumstances under which I was placed ; but my answers were comprized in simple monosyllables. We hastened over the ground, and quickly reached the spot where Mr. Diddle and a

friend were waiting for our arrival. The ground was measured : we were as mutually polite, as if we were on the point of conferring some particular mark of favor on each other. An apology was proposed to be made by me : but I was not disposed to enter into any compromise. We accordingly took our stations, and exchanged shots. The act was momentary, and the effect instantaneous : we both fell. I recollected no more, until I found myself in my own apartment ; Sir Philip watching my recovery with paternal anxiety ; Maria weeping over me ; and poor Mrs. Radcliffe, who was not to be restrained from attending me, supported between two domestics. A surgeon was dressing a wound I had received in my shoulder, and the pain of the operation had recalled me to life.

The ball, it appeared, had passed through my shoulder, and forced its way out at my back ; and my state was considered very critical, not to say dangerous. I received no reproaches ; every eye beamed with tenderness, even Maria's expression was full of kindness, and every tongue spoke of hope and consolation. I enquired after my antagonist ; and learned that his injury was much slighter than mine ; his wound was merely a flesh hurt, and a single dressing was sufficient to remove its inconvenience.

The surgeon quitted me, after performing his operation ; and Sir Philip being called out of the room, I was left alone with Mrs. Radcliffe and Maria ; the former having been placed on a couch by my bed-side. I extended my hand to Maria ; she gave me her's without reluctance, and I imprinted a kiss upon it. She

blushed, but there was no anger in her countenance. Mrs. Radcliffe sighed ! “ Can you forgive me, Maria ? ” I asked : for I had summoned up resolution, now that my fate was uncertain. I added, “ I could not die in peace, unless you were reconciled to me ! ” — “ Oh my God ! ” said Maria, with much emotion — “ talk not of dying ; you have never offended me ! ” — “ Then,” returned I, with more energy and happiness than I had felt since she left me — “ then it is not a crime to love you ! ” Maria hid her face with her hands. My right arm was at liberty. I extended it, and she inclined herself to meet me ; the movement was instantaneous ; I drew her lips to mine, and pressed her to my bosom. Had I died at that moment, I should, in death, have blessed the ball which destroyed me, since it had satisfied me that I was beloved !

During this occurrence, Mrs. Radcliffe had remained a silent spectator ; but when I suffered Maria to escape from my embrace, my worthy nurse, taking her by the hand, requested her to withdraw. “ I must have some conversation with Mr. Henry,” says she, “ and it would be improper for you to be present.” She obeyed, and left the apartment. I followed her to the door with my eyes ; she stole a hasty glance as she disappeared. I felt no sort of pain from my wound ! I had completely forgot the circumstance of the duel !

A tolerably long pause succeeded the departure of Maria. I was too pleasingly occupied in drawing pictures of hope, and in giving wings to imagination to break the silence ; and, it is probable, Mrs. Radcliffe could not make up her mind as to the best method of

introducing the subject ; although, had she reflected but a single moment on the recent occurrence which she had witnessed, she might have sworn that it was above all other subjects in my mind. At length, however, she commenced—" My dear Harry, it is scarcely right to fatigue you at this moment with conversation ; but I cannot let slip the opportunity of informing you that Maria has communicated to me the verbal confession you made to her this day, as well as the contents of the note you addressed to her. Oh, Henry, why did you adventure on such a dangerous enterprise ? How could you risk a life so dear to us all ?" She could not proceed immediately ; her agitation was too violent to be easily mastered, and she burst into tears. I lay anxiously expecting the conclusion, but without daring to make any reply. She continued, " Were Maria your equal in fortune, how happy should I be to commit her happiness to one so deserving of her : but she is poor and an orphan, and you must forget her !"

She made a stop. My mind was in a perfect chaos. I endeavoured to speak, but in vain, my tongue was tied ; and such was the excess of my agitation of body as well as soul, that my wound burst out, and bled anew, and I fainted. When I revived, the surgeon had successfully applied a styptic. Maria held my hand ; and Mrs. Radcliffe was in a state of extreme anguish. A long pause ensued ; until the medical attendant had again withdrawn. I was rendered desperate by the idea that I should lose Maria ; and, grasping her firmly by the hand, I fixed my eyes on her's



most stedfastly, and asked—"And is it Maria's determination to reject one who loves her to distraction?"—"It is necessary that it should be so!" she replied, and the tears ran down her cheeks. I drew her towards me, and kissed them off; she made no resistance. The effort gave me time to collect myself. "Then be it so," I replied; "I have now fathomed the depth of your affection for Henry Russel. A few days more, and he will seek in the grave a certain remedy for his disease!" Mrs. Radcliffe endeavoured to cheer me with hopes of recovery; but I was deaf to her consolations, and was about to make an appeal to her affection, and to Maria's love, when the door of my apartment suddenly opened, and Lady Russel entered the room.

At this visit Lady Russel behaved with more kindness than usual; and had I been in any other sort of mood, it would have given me pleasure to see it. Nothing gave me pleasure at this moment. I was as sullenly disposed towards all mankind as the most gloomy misanthrope in creation. She observed it, and shortened her visit. I was so absorbed in the contemplation of my own feelings, that I scarcely noticed her departure. I have frequently thought since, that nature had from my infancy given me some secret information.—But no matter. I was myself puzzled to account for my feelings, and 'tis fit the reader should be so too.

"You wrong us much," said Mrs. Radcliffe, taking up the conversation which had been interrupted by the sudden entrance of her ladyship. "You entirely mis-

understand the motives by which we are both actuated." Maria had left the room. I began to respire a little more freely. "Would to God," says I, "that I had misunderstood your language also !" She did not notice my ejaculation, but went on—"We are greatly inferior to you in rank and fortune. Were we more on an equality, to whom could I so readily entrust Maria's happiness ? To whom could she herself so confidently commit her future life ?" "Then if Sir Philip could be prevailed upon to overlook this ideal inequality, I might be happy ?" I exclaimed eagerly. "He will never consent to that," was her reply. She continued—"If it would not fatigue you too much, I would give you some insight into Maria's life, and the situation which her parents filled in society ?" "Nothing can fatigue me which relates to Maria," I answered ; and Mrs. Radcliffe, with something like a smile, commenced. I turned myself on my right side to listen ; for I was anxious not to lose an iota of the feast about to be served up.

"Let me see," says Mrs. Radcliffe. *I says, says I*—"Make haste, and begin." "Don't hurry me," says she. "I won't," says I. We both fell into a fit of musing. She was evidently occupied in calling to mind the fleeting events of times long since passed away ; for, as she has often told me, when we get beyond a certain age, the memory loses that tenacity even of important occurrences, which distinguishes it at earlier periods of our existence. While she was thus employed, I was engaged in inwardly descanting upon this inequality which Mrs. Radcliffe had raised

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as an obstacle to my wishes. "I dare say she was right enough in thinking Sir Philip would object," says I to myself, as I called to mind several observations which had, at various intervals, fallen from him on this very subject. I fell into a more serious train of thinking on the subject; and the reader, if he knows how to appreciate them properly, is welcome to my thoughts.

Does a man of rank degrade himself by an union with virtue, because that virtue is without a title? "To be sure he does," says fashion. Does not humble virtue debase herself by an union with exalted vice? "To be sure she does," says common-sense. Is not domestic happiness of more importance than multiplication of wealth and addition to honors? "Certainly," says reason. And if a father is so indifferent to the felicity of his son, as to seek to force him into an union which his heart disapproves, and to oppose one which his heart approves, is not a son almost justified in pursuing his own inclinations on a subject involving his peace of mind? "Most assuredly," says common-sense. Maria was virtuous and amiable: I had found out that I loved her already, and I felt a persuasion that time would only rivet my affection more strongly: I felt the strength of my cause, and, in my ecstasy, I burst out, "Mon Dieu! why it is as plain as it can be." Mrs. Radcliffe started. I explained. She had collected her thoughts, and was ready.

"My dear Harry," says she, "I will be as short as I can. My father was a clergyman, and resided in

Staffordshire. He was a man greatly respected and beloved for his virtues : my mother was held in equal estimation ; for she was the friend of poverty, and the advocate of the oppressed. My brother George (the father of Maria) and myself, were their only children : we lived at home until it was thought necessary for George to enter upon his studies, as he was also intended for the church. Our separation, the interval between his entrance at Oxford, and his obtainment of a degree, have nothing in them to recommend them to your notice ; but soon after the return of George, my father's death left an opening for him in his native parish. He was appointed to the living, and my mother and myself lived with him until the death of the former, and my marriage with a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood. Left to himself, George found it necessary to his happiness to seek out for a partner in life. The youngest daughter of a surgeon who lived next door to him, attracted his notice and won his affections. They were married, and none could be more happy ; until the birth of Maria ; when, in consequence of some improper treatment, Mrs. Parker fell into a decline, which soon terminated her earthly felicity. My brother was inconsolable for some months ; he had doated on his wife, and still adored her memory. Her virtues seemed to rise anew to his recollection, and to shine with double lustre amidst the darkness of the grave. For Maria's sake, however, he endeavoured to live ; but, although young at the time when this heavy misfortune assailed him, he could not overcome the violence of the shock. It preyed upon his spirits, and weaned him from all worldly objects ;

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and scarcely had poor Maria attained her twelfth year, before she lost her father also. His living went from him at his death. It had been barely sufficient to provide the comforts of life ; it could accomplish no superfluities, and Maria was left with no other fortune but her budding beauties and her virtues. Her mother's family took her home, and treated her with the utmost affection, and had not the death of my husband left me destitute, soon after Maria's birth, she should never have wanted an asylum. The death of her grandfather, however, rendered her home less comfortable ; she was treated with the distance and coldness of a servant, instead of the warm affection she had been accustomed to receive, and was compelled to submit to all the drudgery of the most abject menial. Fortunately for her, her father had devoted the principal part of his time to her education ; and it was not time lost : she improved wonderfully under his affectionate eye ; and whilst her grandfather lived, she was not suffered to lose any thing she had previously gained. At his death the hope of farther improvement, except such as would result from her own unaided efforts to accomplish it, was intirely clouded. Oftentimes have I wept over that strain of melancholy resignation which ran through her letters to me, and have lamented that my dependant situation prevented me from offering her a refuge more suitable to her merits. Your goodness, however, has rendered my wishes complete ; and if nothing should occur to mar our happiness, through this unfortunate attachment of yours, the remainder of my days will be passed in a degree of se-

renity which I scarcely deserve. I pray God, my dear Harry, you may overcome this sentiment ; for Sir Philip can never consent to see his son united to one so destitute of wealth and rank as my poor Maria.

"He will consent," said I warmly : "he will never seek to render his son miserable !" She shook her head. Nothing on earth could so soon destroy the equilibrium of my feelings as this. I would rather have encountered all the arguments she could have brought forward, than one single shake of the head. It was unanswerable ; for it always occupied so much of my time to discover its exact meaning, that before I had found it out, the time for an answer was gone by. It was just so in the present instance. She saw my confusion ; and, after some pause, she answered—"He will never consent !" The expression roused me in a moment, I saw that to let this idea establish itself in her mind would prove fatal to my hopes. "I am satisfied he will consent," says I, raising my voice ; and seeing Mrs. Radcliffe make a movement, which indicated another shake of her head, I added with new energy—"On my soul he will !" "I wish he may !" says Mrs. Radcliffe—"I wish he may, my dear Henry !" "He shall consent," says I ; "or by the Creator of the universe, I swear to——." Here we were interrupted.

There was no opportunity to renew the subject during the day ; so that I had leisure to give full scope to my thoughts. The thoughts of a lover display such a hodge-podge of heterogeneous matter, that, to detail them with any degree of accuracy, would occupy so much

time and space, and would require such a minute and complicated detail ; and would, after all, present such a wild assemblage of nonsense to him who should peruse it, that I really must beg leave to decline a recapitulation of mine during this day. He who has been in love may guess them ; and to him who has not, the description would be about as comprehensible as algebra to a Highland piper, or rules of integrity to a chancellor of the exchequer. It might be denominated--- "Chaos come again,"---"Confusion worse confounded,"---"Darkness visible ;"---or any other appellation might be applied to it, which conveys the idea of an impenetrable phalanx of waving ideas, and irreconcilable discord. I don't know whether the reader can enter at all into my meaning ; on reviewing the sentence, I find some difficulty in making it intelligible to myself.

On the next day, I was alone with Sir Philip ; my wound wore a more favourable appearance---my mind was somewhat more composed---and, withal, my father seemed in a better temper than usual since the misunderstanding about Miss Diddle. "I'll try what I can do," says I to myself ; so turning myself towards his chair, I began to cogitate in what way I should begin ; when he saved me any farther trouble, by introducing the subject himself. "And of whom was it now Henry," says he, "that you were thinking, when we conversed respecting Miss Diddle ?" I had wound up my mind to a pitch of resolution, which fitted me for any thing. "Of Maria Parker, my dear sir," says I, without hesitation, and continuing---"she is as amia-

ble as she is beautiful."—"And as impudent as she is poor," retorted Sir Philip—"or she never would have dared to think of the son of Sir Philip Russel."

All my blood rushed into my face, and as it galloped through my veins, it boiled at such a confounded rate, that I thought it would have cooked me as completely as ever was cooked a boiled leg of mutton. I could not---I dared not venture to speak; for I knew if I did, I must have resented the insult; so I contented myself with gnashing my teeth, foaming at my mouth, distending my nostrils, knitting my brows, and clenching my hands.---I do not remember that I was ever in such a passion before. But the worst of all was, after I had adopted all those silent methods of working off my fury, that I found myself in the very act of letting a long and loud groan escape from me, which had been a long time labouring up from my lungs; and this "long and loud groan" was still more unfortunately followed by an exclamation of "Good God!"

This was quite enough to irritate Sir Philip to the extremest degree; and certainly it was a very great proof of arrogance and undutifulness in me to groan and say "Good God!" but I was not in my sane mind at the moment, or I most assuredly should never have committed such a breach in my duty. He appeared to be quite as much reduced to his shifts as I was to conceal the extent of my passion; but, after a short pause, he continued---"I'll turn the insolent baggage into the street this moment for her presumption, and her aunt with her for encouraging a disposition so degradingly insulting to me and my family."



“ Stop, sir,” says I, as soon as I could make up my mind to speak, which was not until I saw him in the very act of ringing the bell for a servant to convey his commands to Mrs. Radcliffe. He rang the bell, and returned. “ You have unjustly accused Mrs. Radcliffe and her niece, sir,” I continued ;---“ they have both resisted my inclinations, in consequence of our inequality ; and Maria has declared her resolution never to listen to me, unless your consent is previously obtained.” Sir Philip’s brow relinquished two or three wrinkles.---“ And you have consented to give up all thoughts of this girl ?” replied Sir Philip. The servant entered the apartment at this critical moment, when his master’s phrenzy had somewhat subsided.---“ I don’t want you now,” said Sir Philip, and the man made his *exit*. My father repeated his expression, in the form of a question. “ I have not, Sir Philip,” said I, with a good deal of firmness ; “ nor can I for an instant imagine that you would either restrain or resist your son’s inclinations on this subject, any more than you would force them into a channel contrary to his wishes.”

I saw the moment was an unfavourable one, and that all my labour was lost. The expression of his eye informed me that I knew nothing at all about the matter, if I believed that he would not oppose my views. I never saw so much fury and resolution in his countenance. “ You are mistaken, sir,” says he ; “ you must either renounce this girl, or I will renounce you.” ---“ May God renounce me when I do !” says I ; and without giving him time to reply, I continued---“ Is there, my dear father, a higher or more illustrious trait

in the female character than the virtue which, like a diamond of the first magnitude——.” “ Don’t talk to me of diamonds of the first magnitude, you ungrateful rascal,” retorted Sir Philip---“ as sure as the devil’s a thief, you shall renounce this girl !” I remained obstinate, however ; and Sir Philip grew more enraged, and quitted the apartment, determined to send Maria out of his house immediately. As he disappeared at one door, Maria entered at the other.

She was seeking her aunt, and not finding her, was about to return, when I called to her, and requested a moment’s conversation. She drew near to me. I told her what had passed ; intreated her not to forget my affection, which would, one day or another, triumph over all obstacles and, pressing a ring upon her finger, which contained my hair, and which my father had given to me the evening before our misunderstanding on the subject of Miss Diddle ; and which ring, as I afterwards understood, was intended to be presented by me to this very identical Miss Diddle---I say, pressing this ring upon her finger, I embraced her, intreated her to leave some token of affection for me with her aunt, and we parted. My whole soul seemed to go with her.

On the next morning, Mrs. Radcliffe was brought into my apartment. I observed that her eyes had been overflowing ; the traces of tears marked her cheeks. God forgive me for my thoughts at this moment, for they were by no means kindly disposed towards my father. I contemplated him as the author of many mis-

eries yet unknown ; and I began to suspect that I loved him less than I did two days since.

Mrs. Radcliffe felt for me, I saw it ; and my love for her increased prodigiously. I asked her to relate to me the particulars of what had taken place since I saw her. She complied, and informed me that, when Sir Philip left me, he soon went to her apartment, where she was sitting in her bed, accompanied by Maria. He appeared to be violently agitated, and charged them with weaning away his son from his duty, and endeavouring to seduce his affections. It was in vain that Maria with tears asserted her innocence, and that Mrs. Radcliffe appealed to her past services as an instance of her fidelity ; he was not to be pacified, until he had extorted from Maria an oath never to marry me without having previously obtained his consent to the union. The amiable girl consented to the required stipulation, and he immediately cooled on the business, and gave them the cottage to which they were ordered to repair, on condition that they should confine themselves there, in order that I might have no opportunity to renew a connection so disagreeable to him.

“ And will not Maria see me again ?” I asked in an accent of desperation. Mrs. Radcliffe answered in the negative, adding---“ She considers it most prudent, since she has taken the oath, to absent herself entirely from you, and to discountenance a passion which can only lead to your mutual misery.” I know not what I answered ; my head ached most violently ; my brain was distracted ! I was scarcely sensible of the presence of any one, for several minutes ; but, when I became

more composed, I found myself once again blessed with the presence of Maria. She had passed the door, at the moment when I was so suddenly unmanned ; and hearing her aunt give a faint scream, she had rushed into the room, and was now standing by my side. Her presence was a cordial to my spirits : I attempted not to shake her from her vow : I only asked her not to bestow her affection hastily ; but to wait until I could bring about circumstances, more propitious to my wishes. She gave me hopes, I pressed her lips to mine. It was a degree of perfect bliss in the midst of misery.

I saw no more of Maria nor of Mrs. Radcliffe after this interview. They left Hendon Park on the following day, and Sir Philip was the first to announce to me the news of their departure. I was prepared for it ; and the recollection of Maria's behaviour at the last had so exhilarated my spirits, that I received the information without any apparent anguish, although I certainly felt an inward pang. " And now, Henry," said my father, " I hope you will be prepared to accompany me, as soon as your wound is healed, to the metropolis, as I wish you immediately to set out on your tour of Europe." " Yes, sir," says I, and a pause ensued. My thoughts were wandering through a different channel, and two monosyllables were as much as he could expect. " You must think no more of this girl," he continued. " Yes, sir," says I. " Yes, sir !" said he, " what the devil's Yes, sir ?" " Did I say Yes, sir ?" says I. " Is the boy mad ?" replied my father. " Sir !" says I, looking earnestly in his face. And thus ended

our conversation, for Sir Philip bolted out of the room, like a bullet from a gun.

The bellows of the lungs, (and we have certainly high authority for asserting that the lungs are worked by bellows) are generally put in motion by the pressure and oscillation of the ideas which surround them ; but there are certain times when these bellows operate of their own accord, and set the tongue to work, without the aid or privity of the ideas at all. This was exactly my case, when Sir Philip conversed with me ; and fortunate it was for me that my ideas did not meddle with the business at all, for in that case, it is questionable, and perhaps it may be so with my readers also, whether I should have escaped so easily as I did. This proves to my satisfaction, that the ideas are sometimes too officious, and that they oftentimes obtrude themselves into notice, very much to the detriment of their possessors.

"But I will think of Maria !" said I to myself, when I found I was left alone ; "and I will not only think of her, but I will one day or another take her to my arms ; my bosom shall be her sanctuary from the storms of life ; when she weeps I will kiss off her tears ; and when she smiles, I will participate in her pleasures. She shall be the rose to ornament my youth, and the balsam to sooth my age. I will love her and cherish her in spite of all opposition, and her affection shall be my reward !" I had worked myself up to such a pitch during this soliloquy, that I had risen perpendicularly in my bed, and I might have proceeded much longer, had not a blow, which I struck my head against the corner of the tester,

put an abrupt end to my reverie. " 'Twas a fit of enthusiasm !" says I, audibly, and with the utmost composure I laid me down to sleep, after adjusting my night-cap, which had been put a little out of order by the agitation into which I had hurried myself.

I have suffered my pen to move very leisurely through the events of the last few days ; indeed, on a retrospect of the numerous pages I have devoted to them, I am half inclined to wonder how I have contrived to dwell so long upon them ; they were interesting to me at the time, however ; they are interesting to me now ; and their interest will endure as long as life itself. But I will dip deeper in the ink hereafter, and put my quill into a canter, for I have much ground to go over, and unless I move with an accelerated motion, I shall be obliged, among my other duties, to pray that Heaven will endue my readers with a few more scruples of patience than generally fall to their share.

The lapse of a fortnight sufficed to cure my wound, and to restore, in a very considerable degree, Sir Philip's usual good temper ; if Maria had remained at Hendon Park, it is possible he might not have recovered his cheerfulness for twelve months. I suppose he fell into the common error of thinking, that, since he had removed the cause of his uneasiness, he had also obliterated the image of perfection from my mind. We are all very ready to deceive ourselves, and while we derive pleasure from deception, what ill-natured cynic will dare to say that deception is altogether without its use ? I wish to Heaven I could check this moralizing dispo-

sition of mine. I shall tire out some readers with the length of variations, and it is two to one if the tenor of some of them does not disoblige many others.

My father was prepared to conduct me to the metropolis ; and I had no inducement to render me particularly anxious for delay. I therefore made myself ready with all decent expedition ; that is, as soon as I had prevailed upon my tailor to substitute some new apparel for the fine showy uniform to which I had been accustomed ; and the morning fixed on for the commencement of my journey at length smiled on us. I went to my Lady Russel to take my leave ; but to my great surprise, I met her at the door of her apartment, habited in a travelling dress. " Mon Dieu !" says I, starting back with astonishment in my countenance. Her ladyship looked angry. I saw she was displeased, and, having had tolerable command over my wits since Maria had left us, I instantly added, " I was by no means prepared for this pleasure. I had anticipated a dull and tedious journey. How happy am I to find myself deceived !" It was but an awkward essay, and it was awkwardly delivered ; but it produced the desired effect. Her ladyship looked very kindly on me, and extended her hand, desiring me to lead her to the breakfast room ; adding,—" Indeed, my dear Harry, you look the more interesting from your confinement." I pressed her hand to my lips, thanked her for her compliment, and conducted her down the stair-case.

It was a beautiful morning when we took our leave of Hendon Park ; and as the carriage rolled beyond the

the boundaries of the lawn, I could not avoid casting a "lingering look behind," at a spot which had been to me the scene of such complicated occurrences. I sighed, as the mansion gradually receded from my view, and fell into a fit of musing. Nay, do not start, gentle reader ; my musings on this occasion I shall keep to myself. If you have penetration enough to guess at their nature, you are welcome to enjoy the fruits of your discrimination ; if not, you must, for the present at least, remain altogether in the dark on the subject. I shall only tell you that the fit continued while we passed over a space of forty miles to the town where it was determined we should dine, and it had so completely occupied my mind, that I cannot tell, from any thing I saw, whether we had been driving over barren heaths or a fertile landscape. Those who know any thing of the country between Hendon Park and Durham, know more about it than I do.

About noon of the fourth day we came within sight of the metropolis. I should have felt tired to death with the length of my journey, had not the "pleasures of imagination" acted as an antidote to the tedium of such a protracted coach-imprisonment. The bustle and varied gaiety of the streets, however, broke the chain of my thoughts, and destroyed my moralizing mood. I had enough to do to stare about me, to wonder at what I saw, and a thousand other employments, in which, wonderful to relate, my mental and bodily faculties most heartily participated. After a residence of a few days, the novelty of the scene wore off, and



my thoughts returned into their old channel. Maria reigned supreme.

If I were here to introduce all the *minutia* of a fashionable career, and to dissertate on the follies, the dissipations, and the *et cetera* of the metropolis, I might easily fill up my volumes, and, after all, tell the reader nothing with which he has not been previously made acquainted, either by very woeful experience, or by an equally woeful perusal of the novels which assume to throw light on the subject. Besides, the amusements which presented themselves to my view, were not of sufficient importance to excite any interest in my mind ; and I have made a vow (the reader may call to mind that I am given to swearing) only to dwell on topics which are, in some degree, interesting.

My father wished to hasten my departure to Dover, thinking, no doubt, that when once I was fairly landed in France, there would be little danger of my falling into the way of Maria. I certainly did not feel anxious to leave my native country in such extreme haste ; as I had been eagerly expecting a reply from Mrs. Radcliffe to a letter which I had written her some days before. It came ; but its contents added to the pangs I had already felt at the separation betwixt us. Sir Philip had exacted a promise from her not to encourage nor permit any correspondence with me ; and the good old lady, after assuring me, that to Maria, as well as herself, my happiness would ever be inexpressibly dear, recommended me to think only of my beloved girl as a friend whom circumstances and not inclination had snatched from me. I was more outra-

geous than ever on perusing this letter.—I refused to see any person, except my servant; although more than once I was urged by my anger to go to Sir Philip, and upbraid him for his unfeeling behaviour. It was unfeeling both towards his son and two amiable females, whose only crime was their superiority to the rest of their sex! I say, it was unfeeling; and although I would be the first to vindicate my father from unjust aspersions, and to set out his virtues in the fairest array, I will never defend his conduct, on this occasion, to my Maria.

I replied instantly to Mrs. Radcliffe's letter—it was an answer in the dictation of which love and indignation bore equal shares. I bitterly complained of Sir Philip, and treated every attempt to wean my affections from Maria as ineffectual. "Am I a child," said I, "that the nature of my affections is to be altered at the will and pleasure of another? Have I no feelings to gratify—no heart to palpitate with delight—no bosom to respond to the thrilling touch of love? Am I but as an animated statue, fixed on a pivot, and liable to be turned to and fro at pleasure, by him who is possessed of the secret spring? I am neither a child nor a statue; I have feelings as men have them, and I have a resolution to pursue that which tends to my happiness, as a man ought to have."

I did not make this extract as a specimen of any thing very fine. It is neither my wish to astonish nor to delight those who may read it: I give it as affording an accurate portrait of the temper of mind in which I wrote: it was a letter, strong without violence, and

calculated to impress upon those to whom it was addressed the firmest conviction of the rootedness and invariability of my feelings. I sent it on the next day, and I felt assured there was no impropriety in my conduct, when I felt the pure glow of pleasure which warmed my heart, as I called to mind the expressions of unalterable affection which I had thus conveyed to Herefordshire.

I had a lock of Maria's hair in my hand. She had put it into my hand at our last interview. It was dearer to me than I can express. As I gazed on the unconscious token, I repeated to it the vows which I had previously made to heaven. There was nothing particular in the scene ; nor would the circumstance have proved worthy of this important notice, but for the event to which it gave rise. I say, I had this lock in my hand ; it is very probable I was in the act of pressing it to my lips, which I was frequently accustomed to do—when Sir Philip, who had entered my room unperceived by me, as my thoughts were fully occupied, as well as all my bodily senses, in paying homage to this invaluable gift, passed his hand over my shoulder, and with a loud exclamation of anger, made a movement to snatch it from me. I was aware of his intention, however, before he had time to accomplish his purpose ; and, starting from my chair with more rapidity than generally characterized my actions, I overturned my seat, which unfortunately struck him violently on the shins. Had I studied ever so much to feed his rage against me, I could not have succeeded more effectually. I perceived by his countenance, that

it was attributed to my impudence, undutifulness and malignity. He could not have spoken more plainly, had he selected the strongest language. His eyes told me enough !

There is no doubt, had I been in the perfect possession of all my faculties at this moment, that I should have instantly commenced a retreat, without waiting to see what the next circumstance would be. But really my wits were all suspended with dismay, when I saw Sir Philip dancing about the room, rubbing his shins, and displaying more agony in his countenance than a malefactor on the wheel ; and it was surely enough to suspend the wits of any son who had inadvertently been guilty of such a mishap to his father. " Good God, sir !" says I. It was the second time I had said " Good God " to him in the course of my life, as the reader may, perhaps, recal to his recollection. The occasions, it is true, were somewhat different. In the first instance the expression escaped from me after he had wounded *my* feelings ; in the second, it was uttered after I had wounded *his* ; and this proves to a demonstration that " Good God !" may be applied to very opposite purposes. I beg just to remind the reader that these ideas did not occur to me at the moment the accident took place—my mind was then, he may rest assured, in a very different disposition ; but it is now ten years after this event, when the impressions made upon me by the sight of my father's angry countenance, have been nearly obliterated, and when time has cooled the ferment in my bosom—it is now, that I am enabled to sit down temperately, and relate

circumstances which agitated me most strongly with a composure which it would have been unnatural, nay even impossible, to have displayed, while the interest and emotion which they created were at their height, and while it required the combined efforts of all the little wits I had to weather the storms which assailed me.

While Sir Philip was capering about the room, (I beg pardon for treating the matter so lightly,) he did not suffer his thoughts to be imprisoned in his bosom; and if every appellation which he in the height of his fury did me the honour to apply to me, had been merited by me, I dare say that very few men would have to boast of more numerous qualities of mind, or more varied nominal distinctions. I refrain from particularizing epithets; they were such as most men in similar situations would have used, and in equal profusion. The greatest stoic which the world has ever produced could not have borne such a blow on his shins patiently.

"I'll give myself no more trouble about you," cried Sir Philip, as soon as the pain of his hurt began to subside—"Not contented with insulting me with your shameful obstinacy, you must also conspire against my life. Tell me instantly, sir, whose is the lock of hair to which you were paying such ardent devotions?" I was no longer disposed to equivocate; Sir Philip had been informed of my real sentiments respecting Maria, and I had no motive for concealment, since this disclosure had taken place, "Sir," says I, "I am grieved at the accident which has taken place. Be assured it was altogether inadvertent." "You lie, you rascal!" in-

interrupted Sir Philip, rubbing his shins with both his hands : " you lie, I tell you. But never mind : answer the question I asked you. I say, whose lock of hair—" I didn't suffer him to conclude the question a second time.—" Maria Parker's, sir," says I, in a respectful tone of voice.

" And will you have the impudence to tell me so, after you have heard my determination respecting that hussy ?"—" Hussy, sir !" says I.—" Yes, Sir, hussy !"—says he —*I says, says I*—" With all due respect to you, sir, as my father, I think you might have found a name better suited for such an amiable girl." It was a very bold speech for me ; but I had in many instances lately caught myself making bold speeches, without considering once what would be the consequences which would result from them, or how I should get through them.—

For instance, I was one evening sitting in a coffee-house.—" Sir," says a gentleman, addressing himself to me, " the Irish Catholics are a blood-thirsty set of villains, and our Government is right in keeping them under." Sir," says I, " you have been misinformed on the subject." Now, this was a very bold reply to a stranger, and so it proved in its effects. " Blood and ouns !" says the stranger, (I didn't know the exact meaning of the expression at the time, but I have since understood it to be a very ungentlemanly oath ;) " Blood'and ouns !" says he, drawing himself two or three inches nearer me, " that is to say, I tell a lie. I'll have instant satisfaction !" I stared ; for I was conscious I had no such an ill-bred intention as that impu-

ted to me. Before I could reply, however, he handed me over a card, of which the following is an exact copy.



“ Really, sir,” says I, “ I don’t understand you, I have no occasion for a gentleman of your profession at present.”—“ Your card, sir !” says he—“ you gave me the lie.” I had never till now been called upon for a card ; and as I was fresh from the country, it is not to be wondered at that I had neglected to provide myself with such a commodity. “ I have no card,” says I, “ nor did I intend to give you the lie.” My opponent was a man nearly six feet in height, and had as ruffianly an aspect to recommend him, as any one of his height in the metropolis. I was scarcely five feet five. Presuming upon this disparity, I suppose, he had thrown all the fury in his composition into his countenance, in order to strike terror into my bosom. I was not easily alarmed. I answered him in a mild but determined tone of voice ; there was something in it which told him I knew little of fear. Whether it was

the result of his penetration, or in consequence of my reply, I knew not, but on a sudden he dismissed the fury from his looks, and assuming an air of suavity, returned,—“ That’s an apology ! very well, sir, as you seem conscious of your error, I’ll look over it this time !” While I was endeavouring to digest this curious answer, in order to prepare something equally digestible in return, the gentleman disappeared. I had learnt from the occurrence something which was new to me before, namely, that in the modern acceptation of the phrases, to tell a man he had been misinformed, is to give him the lie, and to say that you had no intention to give him the lie, is to make an apology. I was determined never to speak so boldly again, lest I should fall into the hands of another bug-destroyer, and he should think proper to exercise his calling upon me.

I have only introduced this digression to prove that I was sometimes in the practice of making very bold speeches without thought ; but it was not my case alone. “ With all due respect to you as my father, sir,” says I, I think you might have found a name better suited to such an amiable girl.” It was once more applying a match to a mine. “ Sir,” says he, stamping as he spoke, “ sirrah, I ought to say, I shall apply to her such a name as I choose, and I know none better fitted to her.” “ You will at least, sir, I hope, allow me the last privilege of leaving the room while you speak so disrespectfully of her ?” As I said this, I coolly walked out of the apartment before Sir Philip could sufficiently recover from his surprise to detain me.

I did not expect the matter to rest here—shall I say



more ? I did not wish it ! I resolved, when I had given time to Sir Philip's shins to get easy, and his temper to get cool, I resolved, I say, to renew the subject, merely for the purpose of convincing him that my love for Maria was unalterable, and that, come what would, I would never pay those attentions to another, which, after what had passed between that amiable girl and myself, were only *her* due. I should have acted with duplicity had I acted otherwise : and I chose rather to incur the imputations of *unfilial* obstinacy, than that of hypocrisy. I knew that on my firmness at this moment might depend much, very much perhaps the whole of my future happiness, and I had too much firmness in my disposition to hesitate under such circumstances.

Until the next day, however, I had no opportunity to see Sir Philip alone. I met him at the meal times in company with Lady Russel, and some friends, (for we scarcely ever sat down to table, without being favoured with the presence of some half dozen fashionable acquaintances,) and even there he had some difficulty to master the violence of his feelings, when he was constrained to speak to me. The observations I made upon this behaviour did not greatly tend to raise my hopes as to the result of the explanations into which I had made up my mind to enter, on the first opportunity.

Sir Philip and I dined *tête-a-tête* on the following day, Lady Russel having gone to a party in the neighborhood. During the whole of the meal, an unbroken silence was preserved on both sides. Now and then I

stole a glance at Sir Philip, but there was nothing encouraging in the contemplation of his visage. The cloth was removed ; not a word passed. Sir Philip even omitted his customary " grace after meat," because he would not suffer me to hear his voice. The wine was placed on the table, and the servant withdrew. Sir Philip filled his glass ; I followed his example, and fixing my eyes on his countenance, " Your health, sir," says I. He attempted to sit still, but it was out of his power ; and, after shifting his chair half a dozen times, he burst out, " I won't thank you ! you don't wish it, you dog, you don't !" " As sincerely as I wish for my own, sir," says I ; " and indeed more so, for since I have been so unfortunate as to offend you, my life is not the most enviable in the world." The tears rushed into his eyes in a moment : he became more uneasy ; but as he endeavoured to conceal his emotion, he replied, " You don't care about offending me ; you would kill me, if you dared, that you might marry this girl." " I am not capable of such conduct, sir," I replied. " May your life be continued as long as you yourself continue to enjoy it, whatever my situation may be."

He could not resist any longer ; his anger was melted down in a moment. Sir Philip had a heart superior to the hearts of the majority of mankind : it was as susceptible of amiable sensations, and of the tender weaknesses of nature, as any heart which ever came from the hands of the Creator. But his temper was violent, and he was unfortunately so bigoted to family pride, that his native goodness, surrounded and con-

cealed beneath such impenetrable dross, was hard to be found out. Even when he had done most to cross my hopes, and to set together by the ears all the vile passions in my bosom, I could not at intervals avoid making excuses for his conduct, and turning my eye to the brightest parts of his character. I believe he loved me with the truest affection, and I must have been most ungrateful not to love him in return.

“ Well, well, Harry,” said Sir Philip, “ you must consent to forget this Maria Parker, and we shall then find no further cause of dispute.” Had he required any other sacrifice at my hands, I could have freely made it ; my heart was most kindly disposed towards him ; but the instant he named the severe stipulation, all my affection for him might have been comprised in a nutshell. It withered in a moment. I was too hurt to make a reply ; the glass of wine which I held in my hand was half wasted upon the table ; my eyes ran over ; I felt a sickness within me ; and, leaning back in my chair, I actually gasped for breath. Yet with all this visible emotion, I was not sensible of any excruciating excess of agony—my feelings, on the contrary, appeared to be entirely suspended ; every faculty seemed to have made a pause in the exercise of its functions ; my memory, my ideas, every thing, seemed to have caught the same infection.

Sir Philip saw my emotion, but he deemed it most politic to let it pass over without any apparent notice ; and when I had somewhat recovered myself, calling up considerable cheerfulness into his countenance, he refilled the glass which I had almost emptied, and en-

deavoured to turn the conversation to some more trivial subject. My sharp and incoherent answers, however, were too particular to remain unobserved. His tone gradually became less affectionate ; he grew more reserved ; until, at length wearied beyond endurance by my continued perverseness, he exclaimed—" Tell me, sir, what has caused this sudden change in your manners?"

" Sir," says I ; and I gathered resolution after I had commenced—" were I to act hypocritically, you would despise me as much as I should despise myself. I should be altogether unworthy of your affection. I never can forget Maria Parker ; as long as life continues, her image must be dear to me beyond all other earthly objects ; and the vows which I have made to Heaven must retain their force."—" Sir," says Sir Philip, interrupting me with his usual intemperance when we conversed on this subject, " you have surely not dared to insult Heaven with vows in opposition to the wishes of your father !" " If to place my happiness in the hands of Heaven be insulting," I replied, " I must plead guilty to the accusation. I have made those vows, which no earthly interference can dissolve ; and if I cannot obtain Maria Parker, my hand shall never be given, in proof of affection, to another."

Until I had finished the sentence, Sir Philip had sat silently, but no sooner did I make a pause, than he rose with vehemence from his chair, and dashing his glass to the floor, exclaimed—" As sure as the devil's a thief, a disobedient son is the greatest curse under heaven." I said not a word in answer to this exclamation : I con-

sidered that I had sufficiently illustrated my sentiments, and I determined to give him time to digest what I had said, before I ventured any further. Sir Philip had seated himself again, and fell into a musing posture. Frequently he sighed, stole a glance at me, then fixed his eyes on the table, or played with the decanter. How long this thoughtfulness continued I cannot precisely tell ; nor have I been able, from that hour to this, accurately to discover the nature of it ; the only explanation I have ever received has been derived from circumstances which may or may not have been originated in his mind at that moment. After some pause, however, Sir Philip once more rose from his chair, and without speaking a word quitted the room.

I was thus left alone to meditate on the singularity of this behaviour, which I endeavoured vainly to penetrate. There could be no doubt that something of an important complexion was passing through his mind ; and it was quite as certain, that I was the subject of his thoughts ; but, beyond this, all was darkness and perplexity. A thousand ideas suggested themselves to my imagination, but every one seemed, at the best, unsatisfactory. I would have given every thing I possessed to have fathomed the mystery, for I could not divest myself of the apprehension that he might entertain designs against the peace and happiness of Maria. " But I will watch over her," says I to myself, " while I have life, and when I see danger approaching her, like her guardian angel, I will interpose to preserve her." It was well that this soliloquy was entirely mental, for I had not finished it when Crampwell entered the room. Such an interruption

was rather unusual, and I had no doubt, from the moment he appeared, that his visit was connected with Sir Philip's thoughtfulness.

I was not deceived ; at least, I imagined I was right ; for he informed me that he had just received orders from my father to prepare himself and me for our departure on the following morning. " 'Tis a sudden resolution," says I. " It is, sir," says Crampwell, " and I know not how to account for it." " But I do," says I ; for I had no doubt on my mind that it was in consequence of the unshaken obstinacy I had displayed during the scene which had taken place since dinner.

I certainly had entertained a very strong wish and intention to see Maria previously to our departure ; I had even gone so far as to make the arrangements in my mind for that purpose. But it was now impracticable ; and nothing remained but to write, and repeat the assurance I had before conveyed to her. Accordingly, after I had taken leave of Sir Philip, I determined to devote part of the night to this purpose.

About an hour before my customary time of retirement, Sir Philip sent for me. His behaviour was less unkind than I had anticipated. He carefully abstained from the slightest allusion to the subject which had proved so fatal to our good understanding ; and we parted apparently on good terms. Lady Russel seemed really affected at my departure, and gave me her miniature set in pearls. " I will keep it," says I, " and that sacredly ;" pressing it to my lips. Her ladyship shed tears as she put her arms round my neck, and embraced me. I thought it a

favourable moment: I knew her influence over Sir Philip was unbounded; and immediately opening my whole soul to her on the subject of Maria, I intreated her intercession.

"'Tis but a boyish passion," replied her ladyship, "and an absence of a few weeks, and other faces, will entirely obliterate it."—"No time, nor change of objects can obliterate those impressions which are imprinted on the heart;—" I replied. "You may think differently, my dear Harry, six months hence," answered her ladyship. I shook my head sorrowfully: I thought her ladyship treated the subject too lightly, and sported with my feelings; for there was a smile of incredulousness playing on her countenance as she spoke. She saw that I was distressed, and her face instantly assumed a more serious appearance. "Well, my dear boy," says she, in a tone which I shall never forget, "should I live to the age of old Parr, if you should continue in the same mind on your return, I will intercede for you." Never was music sweeter to the ear which had just escaped from the trammels of deafness. My conscience struck me violently: I threw myself into her arms; she clasped me to her bosom. How could I till now have remained insensible to the merits of such a mother!

When I returned to my own room, my mind was a perfect chaos of delight. What an interesting event to disclose to Maria! I was full of the subject, and instantly sat down to give being to my thoughts. My letter was full of animation and hope; not a gloomy sentiment was to be found in it. "If you love me,

my Maria," said I, "you will participate in the pleasure I feel—you will unite with me in the joyous anticipations of future felicity—you will banish sorrow, and give a loose to hope. Be assured that, though I must traverse remote climates before I can have the felicity of again beholding you, 'my heart; untravelled,' will remain in the cottage which contains my earthly hope, and all of joy which I can taste under heaven."

The first glimmerings of the dawn visited my apartment before I had sealed up my packet. I had but a few hours to spare. I threw myself on my bed, but my thoughts returned to Maria; I was too delightfully occupied to sleep; and when Bertrand, the domestic who was to accompany me, entered my room to rouse me for my journey, I had not composed myself to forgetfulness. "Sir," says he, "'tis seven o'clock, and the coach sets out at eight." The summons was quickly obeyed; I rose, dressed myself, and, having despatched Bertrand to the post-office with the packet for Maria, I found myself prepared for my journey.

While the reader imagines that I am travelling from London to Dover, as I can positively assure him that, during that space of time, nothing befel me beyond the events which usually fall to the lot of travellers—I say, while he imagines this, I may have time to muse and moralize a little. "Here am I going," says I to myself, "to visit foreign countries, as other young men of family and fashion do, while I might have staid at home, and, with greater advantage to



myself, have become a proficient in the internal knowledge of my native land." "True," says I again, "but how should I have been able to mix in the fashionable circles, and to cut a figure in society, if I had not been abroad, that I might hold a gaping circle in silent astonishment, while, on my return, I should recite wonderful tales of prodigies which I had never seen; dissertate on the nature of laws and customs which I had never studied; and draw comparisons between the manners of the polished French and the boorish English? Oh!" I continued, "the advantage of a foreign tour can be no longer dubious; no young man of breeding can expect to be received into genteel company until he has obtained a touch of the licentious levity of France, of the narrow cunning of Italy, of the dark jealousy of Spain, and of the indolent apathy of Holland. A mixture of all these exotic qualities must surely be preferable to the indigenous and old-fashioned honesty, and the native steadiness and candour, which are to be found in England."

I had just satisfied myself of the propriety of visiting foreign countries, having been interrupted several times by the necessary operations of eating and changing, and by the superfluous variations occasioned by the janglings of a quaker and his wife, who occupied the opposite seat in the coach, and which frequently carried my thoughts, almost imperceptibly, into a different train—I say, I had just satisfied myself of the propriety of visiting foreign countries, when the disciple of the broad brims, who sat before me, put

an end to my cogitations, by exclaiming—"Rachel, the end of our journey appeareth in view!" "Doth it, Ephraim?" responded the precise rib; and there ended the dialogue. I could not reconcile myself again to a fit of musing; so I determined to enter into conversation with Ephraim, until we reached the inn.

"Sir," says I. The quaker placed his thumbs in a twirling attitude, and called up such a quaint expression into the form and features of his countenance, that it had well nigh proved fatal to my gravity. I could not venture to proceed until I had gazed earnestly upon him a few moments, to accustom myself to his visage. "Sir," I says at last, just as he was relapsing into his former inattentive position, "at what inn do you mean to stop in Dover to-night?" I had previously understood that this loquacious pair was about to proceed to France. "Friend," says he, "we shall tarry wherever the vehicle tarries!" "And by what packet do you mean to go to the continent?" returned I. "By the first which goeth," responded Ephraim. "If the weather doth not prove unfavourable, thou should'st have said," interrupted Rachel. "I spake as it became me, and thou didst commit evil in rebuking me," retorted Ephraim. I was fearful that a serious altercation would ensue, as I saw a frown gathering on Rachel's countenance. I therefore thought it right to interfere. "We shall be happy to accompany you, as it is my wish to take advantage of the first opportunity." "Thy manner pleaseth me, friend, and we will remain together during the mor-

row." "If it is agreeable to your lady," I responded. "That which pleaseth me, ought to impart satisfaction to her," said Ephraim. Rachel knitted her brows, but said nothing; and soon afterwards we alighted.

The morning was hazy; the sea ran high, and the wind blew in shore. "It will not do to-day, sir," says an old pilot, of whom I had enquired whether a packet would sail during the day. I returned in a meditative mood, and found Crampwell engaged in a very loud and strong debate with the quaker and his rib on the practice of smoking, my tutor having, as was his usual custom, taken his pipe after I had set out on my walk. "It is a pleasant way of spending an hour, sir," says Crampwell, addressing himself to the quaker, "and I have never repented taking to it." "Humph!" says Ephraim, who seemed more inclined to shun than to court a controversy. "Do you smoke, sir," asked Crampwell, who was determined not to suffer him to escape so easily. The quaker shrugged up his shoulders! it was a silent way of exclaiming—"Good God!"—"No, friend," says he, after a long pause while Crampwell smoked at least half a dozen whiffs.—"I count it amongst the wickednesses of the times."

Crampwell was thunderstruck; it was the first time he had heard that smoking was accounted criminal. He laid his pipe down on the table. "Did I understand you right, sir?" said he, as soon as he could collect his thoughts sufficiently. "I spoke in the most simple language, friend," returned Ephraim,

"wouldst thou that I should repeat my words?" Crampwell answered in the affirmative. "I hold it a vice," replied the quaker, elevating his voice, as though he was resolved not to be again misunderstood. "How do you make it out to be a vice?" asked Crampwell. The quaker placed himself in a speaking attitude; it was the operation of some minutes. "Friend," says he, as soon as he had fixed himself to his mind, "I will tell thee. It is an evil habit, because it leadeth to drinking." Crampwell, who had resumed his pipe, once more laid it down, to interrupt the orator. "Your position is wrong, sir; for I never drink while I smoke." "That may be, friend," says Rachel, "but Ephraim spoke of the general tendency of this monstrous habit." Crampwell was silenced, and Ephraim, after casting a look of approbation on his wife, continued. "It is also an idle custom, inasmuch as it doth lead men to throw away time which ought to be devoted to other purposes." "That is wrong again," interrupted Crampwell again, "for I never smoke but a single pipe at once, and I study while I smoke." Ephraim made a short pause. Rachel was just on the point of interposing again, when her husband recommenced, "It is a habit which savours of conformity to the world, and driving good thoughts out of the head, it filleth it with—" "Smoke," interrupted Rachel. Ephraim did not seem to relish this conclusion; it probably did not exactly convey his meaning.

Crampwell had finished his pipe, at this part of the discussion, and, having emptied the ashes, he took up

the debate. "I'll tell you what, my friends," says he, "I am a very little eater and drinker; but I enjoy my pipe, which serves me as a substitute. Now you are both hearty eaters, and let me ask you which is better, in these scarce times, to eat a great deal, or by smoking a pipe now and then to do with less bread, and leave your portion of this valuable necessary for some poorer member of society?" Ephraim made no reply: Rachel was silent; and Crampwell, who never knew when to stop, proceeded, "When I was smoking my pipe, I smoked your intention; but let me tell you, there is more spirit in my pipe than in your noddle." This irreverent method of speaking roused all the anger which was in the Quaker's composition. "Thou art a profane young man," says he, elevating his voice much above its usual pitch; "I say thou art profane, and there is wickedness in thee." "Yea, very much wickedness," continued Rachel. Crampwell was not of a quarrelsome turn; but, to use his own expression, he had never any objection to quiz a puritan; and he was just on the point of pursuing his favorite diversion to the annoyance of the starched pair, when my entrance put an end to the argument.

"I fancy, sir, we must content ourselves to spend one day more in England," says I, addressing myself to the Quaker. He might have given his answer to the winds with as much effect as to me, for the idea of leaving England brought with it the idea of leaving one who was in England; and, in an instant her image stood before "my mind's eye," as beautiful and

as interesting as when she gave me hope. I was unconscious that I had uttered a word : I knew not that any one was present ; my thoughts were too tyrannical to be restrained, and in my fit of absence I exclaimed aloud, "To-morrow, and the ocean will divide me from my love !" The sound of my own voice recalled my scattered senses. I started, looked round me in dismay, and saw Ephraim, Rachel, and Crampwell, looking at me, the former with a gaze of mingled pity and alarm, and the latter with strange wonder in his countenance. I inwardly cursed my own stupidity and folly for suffering my feelings so far to get the better of my reason as to place me in such an awkward predicament. "I beg your pardon," says I, as soon as I could find my wits, "my thoughts were wandering back to those I have left behind me. I was not conscious of the impropriety I was committing, until it was too late to check myself." "There needeth no apology, friend," returned Ephraim ; "there remaineth no doubt on my mind that thy thoughts were most pleasantly engaged ;— "My remembrance," says Rachel, "travelleth back to the time when I gave way to similar reflections." "Humph !" says Crampwell, in a low voice, "I never heard much of this love before."

Crampwell's reply made more impression in my mind than either of the others. I had, until now, carefully kept from him the slightest intimation of my affection for Maria. But all my precautions were now rendered unavailing. I had betrayed that I was in love, and I knew very well that the remaining part

of the secret was much more easy to be discovered. I was never more out of humour with myself; "and yet," says I to myself, on reflection, "why should I so lament at the communication of a circumstance, which is known to every one else?" Crampwell would, probably, have discovered it by my letters, for I had promised to Maria, to write to her from every town after I had quitted England; and it was most likely, from the frequency of my epistles, that he might have been led to form some suspicions of the truth. I generally was pretty happy in bringing about a reconciliation, after I had quarrelled with myself; but whether this excess arose from any particular excellence in my art of peace-making; or whether it was solely attributable to the amiable dispositions of the belligerent parties, I do not pretend to decide. On this occasion I was almost tempted to go immediately aside with Crampwell, and tell him the whole of my secret. "Thou art a fool," says Discretion; "it will be time enough to do this when he finds out the whole, and begins the subject of his own accord." I listened very attentively to the end of the expression, and, feeling its propriety, I determined to follow it. Who will censure me for rendering such ready obedience to Discretion?

After dinner, the wind varied, and Bertrand brought in the captain of a packet which was on the point of sailing. We struck the bargain with him. "When wilt thou sail?" asked Ephraim. "In half an hour, my old commodore," says the sailor, "so bear a hand, and get your luggage on board."—"Thou shouldst speak in simple language, friend," says Rachel. "Why

damn it, so I do!" retorted the tar.—"And without swearing, friend," interrupted Ephraim. "I couldn't live without swearing, my old boy," returned the captain, turning on his heel, and, taking up a portmanteau which belonged to the quaker, he walked out of the room, followed by Bertrand, with two or three of the trunks belonging to me.

The captain's profaneness appeared to have made much impression on the quakers, particularly on Rachel, who carried her abhorrence to such lengths, as even to declare that she would not trust herself in his vessel, a resolution which gave evident alarm to Ephraim, who was anxious to expedite their departure. "Tut, ma'am," says Crampwell, "why need you trouble yourself whether the captain swears or prays? your goodness will more than compensate for any sinfulness of his."—Crampwell was by no means a favourite since the affair of the morning's discussion; Ephraim and Rachel, whenever they looked at him, showed symptoms of disapprobation; but this religious compliment worked a wonderful effect upon the stiff lady. She even viewed Crampwell with complacency, as she replied—"Young man, thou dost think more highly of me than I deserve." "Yea, verily doth he," said Ephraim. No reply was made to this remark; but Rachel suffered her scruples to be overcome, and we were soon seated in the cabin of the packet.

Unfortunately for the peace of the passengers, Ephraim and Rachel fell into a theological dispute, in which both so obstinately maintained their arguments, and that in such a vociferous tone of voice, that I was



fain to escape from the discord, by ascending, and seating myself on the deck.

The afternoon was serene and clear: the mist was dispersed; and the sun as it majestically rode down the heavens, threw its golden tints on the billows, and added richness to the natural beauty of the scene. The cliffs of Albion, on the one side, gradually receding, and the coast of France on the other, rapidly nearing us, added interest to the scene. "Farewell, ye native landscapes!" says I to myself—"the seat of beauty and virtue; ye teem with a delight to my bosom superior to any which the verdant vallies of France can afford—ye are dearer to my soul than the gardens of Montpellier, or the vineyards of Burgundy. The pang which I feel on parting from you, can only be equalled by the pleasure I shall derive from beholding you again." I should have continued much longer; but I was interrupted in the midst of my secret ejaculations by Crampwell, who came upon deck to allure me back with the assurance that Ephraim and Rachel had ceased to jar.

Amongst the passengers was a French lady, whose dress, manners, and conversation, bespoke her nobility. I had scarcely observed her when I first entered the cabin, but on my return with Crampwell, I could not avoid noticing her. The room was full, and my entrance causing some confusion, she let fall her fan. I stepped forward, and took it up. In handing it to her, the vessel suddenly reeled, threw me forwards, and my head fell on the lady's shoulder. I was confused, and

attempted something like an apology. "'Twas not thy fault, friend," said Ephraim. "There was no need of an apology, Monsieur," returned the lady in the sweetest tone imaginable, while a smile played on her countenance. She extended her hand to me, according to the French manner; politeness demanded that I should take it; but when I had got hold of it, I knew no more what to do with it than if it had been the vessel's helm. I was ignorant of the etiquette on such occasions. I had not yet visited France; but I thought if I kissed it, I could not do any harm. I did so; she instantly withdrew it, with a rebuke in her countenance; but at the same time made room for me to sit beside her. I did not seem to notice the frown, but took my seat without hesitation:

"I regret, Monsieur, that we had not the pleasure of your company earlier," says the lady, after she had given herself time to recover from her *frustration*. "The regret is reciprocal," returned I, "but I was not aware of the loss I sustained during my absence." I don't know how I got through it; it had the turn and air of a compliment, but it wanted grace to make it a passable one. I hardly knew myself what I meant by it. It was taken better than it was offered. The lady laid her hand upon mine; it really was a dangerous experiment, after the blunder I had just before committed. I did not dare to repeat my compliment: to avoid the temptation, therefore, I withdrew my hand. It certainly was not a very polite movement; I will go farther, it was rude; but I did it very innocently.

The lady seemed confounded by my strange behaviour ; I ventured to look at her ; our eyes met ; there was an expression of resentment in her's which redoubled my perplexity : I cast mine to the ground. All this was done in silence, and did not occupy the space of thirty seconds. Ephraim was the only person in the company who noticed my distress ; had he been blind or tongue-tied, I might have escaped an increase of it. " Friend," says he, " thou seemest to be in a strange way." If I was confounded before this expression, what must I have been afterwards, when every one gazed on me at the same moment, to find out the strange way I was in ? I dare say Ephraim meant kindly ; I cannot doubt the sincerity of his intentions ; but it was not the first time that kind motives had taken a most unkindly method to display themselves. I stole another glance at my fair companion in perplexity—it did not diminish my agitation.—" Madame," says I to myself, " Ephraim might with truth have extended his remark to you."

But I was all this time sinking deeper in the mire. Ephraim listened for my answer ; and every one in the cabin, the lady excepted, seemed to be on the tip-toe of expectation. It was necessary to say something. I tried to laugh ; but I question very much whether the essay showed more of pleasure or of affliction. It would not do to trust in this effort : so summoning up all the spirits and wits I had at my command, I replied—" Only a mere trifle, sir ; a sort of discomposure—that is, of painful—" I don't know how the devil I should have got through---I had begun awkwardly---I

had not mended in my progress---and I dare say the conclusion would have been fatal to my credit, but at this very critical moment, the vessel made such a confounded heave, that we were all suddenly jerked from our seats. The French lady fell upon me, on one side, and Rachel on the other. Ephraim was stretched in the middle of the cabin ; and Crampwell was thrown across him. The chain of my dilemma was broken---it was a blessed shock !

The mutual condolences which passed after every one had returned to their seats, and the examination of the diversified bruises of the various performers in this tragi-comic pantomime, completely banished the remembrance of the late perplexity. My fair companion had, as I presumed, sustained no injury ; but, for the soul of me, I dared not to make a single enquiry ;---I was fearful lest the slightest notice should revive the circumstance. Ephraim was too much occupied in endeavouring to stop the bleeding of his nose, and Rachel in rubbing her forehead, which was slightly marked, to think any more of me or my companion. " It surely was an interference of Providence," says I to myself.

I could have wished much to make my peace with my new acquaintance. The fan, which at first led to our acquaintance, had, during the late confusion, dropped on the floor between us. " It may serve me a good turn again," says I to myself. I did not trouble myself about it immediately---I had formed my plans more deeply.---Presently she put down her hand to search for it---the evening was setting in, and

the cabin was growing dark ;---this was the favourable instant. I followed her example in silence---our hands met---mine grasped hers---it was a squeeze of reconciliation---she did not attempt to extricate it. "Worse and worse," says I to myself ; "what the devil shall I do now ?" I certainly had no intention to carry matters to such a height. A pressure, *en passant*, was all I had expected or wished.

It was too late, however, to complain. I had sought the lady's kind offices, and it was but right to receive them with due respect and becoming gratitude. "But why the deuce doesn't she extricate her hand," says I to myself. An Englishwoman, had she meant ever so affectionately to a stranger, would not have suffered him to retain her hand. "True," says I again, "but Englishwomen are cold, phlegmatic beings, nothing like your light, lively, warm French ladies." The contrast was striking ; but I wanted an example to oppose to my forward companion : Maria suggested herself to me. "What !" says I to myself, so vehemently as almost to amount to a whisper ; "compare the modest lovely Maria to this French-----." I didn't stop to finish the expression, but, with a sort of jerk, almost amounting to an indication of disgust, I let go the hand I had held till now. The uncommon rudeness of the movement never occurred to me, until I was too late to check it. "Good God !" says I to myself, "this is the second offence. I will never attempt to be gallant any more."

I had not much time, however, to brood over this

new breach of good breeding, before the captain entered the cabin, and congratulated us on our entrance into the port of Calais. "In a few moments," says he, "we shall come to an anchor." The communication was extremely agreeable to me; for I was heartily tired of my voyage; not that I disliked the water, or the vessel, or the company—no, it was none of these; but I had committed so many follies during the passage, and had rendered myself so ridiculous in my own estimation, that I was anxious to get into new company, and to begin a new career. In a few minutes, we came to anchor.

Whoever sets out on a continental tour, must, or at least ought to be, well-stored with patience of every description; for, if he expects to meet with the same quantum of attention and civility as in England, he will find himself mightily deceived. He has no business to move out of his own country, unless he can make up his mind to pay extravagantly for miserable accommodations; to restrain his wants until it suits the will and the convenience of those around him to contribute to their removal; and to put up with every insult which flippant ignorance may think proper to afford him. All this I had heard from many mouths, and read in many books, before it entered into my head to pay a visit to any country beyond my own; but I was doomed to discover the truth of the statement before I had set a foot on shore.

"Monsieur, vat luggage is yours?" asked a sorry-looking fellow, who advanced beyond a crowd

of mendicant rascals that lined the shore. I pointed to the boxes which Bertrand had piled on the deck. "Begar, all dat !" cried the puny garçon, for he was but a boy in appearance ; and before I had time to make a reply, he was out of hearing. "Stay, Monsieur," said the French lady, laying her hand, (the very same identical hand which had caused me so much trouble already)---"Stay, Monsieur," says she, laying her hand familiarly on my left arm ; "you are not acquainted with the customs of our country." "You are too good, Madam, to teach them to me," said I, laying my right hand upon her's. I dare say she thought I was going to be rude again, for she instantly withdrew her hand. I could swear that my face was as red as scarlet, but I said not a word---nothing like an apology for the past---nothing like an assurance for the future. There was nothing particular in her look or manner, as she made the movement ; they were both perfectly unembarrassed.---"What inconsistent, unreasonable creatures we are," says I to myself ; "one moment we censure the sex for levity ; another, we condemn their reserve."

The lady, who had advanced a few paces before me, had by this time returned with two stout men. "These, Monsieur," says she, "assisted by your servant, and a sailor, will be sufficient to carry our trunks to the hotel d'Angleterre---it is scarcely a hundred steps from the quay." "And do you go to the hotel d'Angleterre, madam ?" asked I. "You shall conduct me thither," says she, putting her arm within mine. "Good God," says I to myself---"in-

to what sort of hands have I fallen !" There was no alternative ; the men had hoisted the luggage on their shoulders. " To the hotel d'Angleterre !" cried the lady, and they were already on the road. " 'Tis a bad house," says I to myself ; or the ladies of France are astonishingly kind in their conduct to strangers." I turned round, to see if any one was near me. Rachel and Crampwell were in close conversation, while Ephraim regarded me with a serious look. " Beware, friend, thou art in danger," says he, shaking his head. " To the hotel d'Angleterre !" says I, in an audible voice. There was no time for any further delay ; I suffered myself to be moved forward, and we soon reached the hotel.

The lady's right arm was passed through my left, and her hand was pressed against my bosom. I was uneasy, for I was aware that the pressure was not accidental. My heart palpitated to an excess. I felt much alarmed—" Would to God," says I to myself, that I was out of this woman's company !" She appeared to be acquainted with my disorder, and determined to increase it. " You seem agitated, Monsieur," says she, placing her hand more closely against my bosom. " Good God !" says I.

" Mon Dieu ! monsieur," replied the lady with unusual quickness, are you unwell ?" The question recalled me to my senses. We had reached the door of the hotel. The sight of Crampwell close at my heels relieved me. I answered in the negative.

" What stay do you make in Calais, madam ?" I asked, as we seated ourselves in a roomy apartment.



"I shall set out for Paris to-morrow morning, monsieur," she replied; "do you travel that way?" "Which way, madam?" says I; for instead of paying attention to her answer, I had been engaged in enquiring of myself what evil dæmon tempted me to ask such a question, since I would have died, or returned, rather than have her company any further. "Which way, madam?" says I—"Which way, monsieur!" says she, "why to Paris to be sure." "Really, madam," says I, "I wish I were not obliged to go by way of Amiens." This was one of my bold speeches, for I knew no more whether Amiens lay in the direct road to Paris or not, than I did of the situation and manners of the man in the moon. Unfortunately, I was wrong.—"Amiens," says she, smiling; "why that lies directly in the road." If I had called to mind a few circumstances which had escaped from my memory, I might have known that Amiens did lie in the road; but I was determined to put on as good a face as possible. "Amiens, madam, did I say?" says I—"why, God bless me, I meant Boulogne." "There is some difference, monsieur;" says she, "I can no longer hope for the pleasure of your company."

My heart bounded with extasy on hearing this reply. "She may not, after all, be so bad as my fears have represented her." I upbraided myself for the illiberality I had evinced towards her, and determined to compensate for my rudeness by unbounded acts of future politeness. I attempted to carry my resolution into immediate effect, but I found myself so

completely out of my element, that I was glad to plead a severe head-ach as an excuse for an early retirement.

"Is the French lady gone yet, Bertrand?" says I, when my servant called me in the morning. "No, sir," says he; "she is waiting breakfast for you." "The devil!" says I, rising and putting on one stocking; and in my haste to account for this strange conduct on the part of my fair companion, I fell into a fit of musing. "Will your honour please to put on your other stocking," says Bertrand, after waiting half an hour to give me time to proceed. I made no reply, but ventured a little further; when I was stopped again by a second meditation, which might have lasted much longer than the former, had not Bertrand once more reminded me that the lady waited breakfast for me.

We were alone at breakfast; but it was nearly a silent one—my thoughts had wandered back to my native land and to Maria; and my companion, probably too much vexed by my taciturnity to endeavour to win back my ideas, was engaged in calculating how many drams of stupidity Dame Nature had mixed up in the essence of my existence. What was the result, however, I cannot possibly tell: had I been inclined to make the enquiry, the opportunity was not allowed me, for the waiter appeared to acquaint the lady that the chaise was waiting for her.

She rose, and made a distant courtesy. "I will conduct you to the chaise, madame," says I catching up my hat in one hand, as I took her proffered hand

in the other. We walked to the door before a word passed between us.—“ You live in Paris, madam, I presume ?” says I. “ I do, Monsieur,” says she. “ We may meet again, perhaps,” returned I. “ I trust we shall,” replied she. I felt no terrors now ; a step more and I should not see her again, consequently there was no danger.—“ May I ask,” says I, “ for whom I shall enquire when I reach Paris ?” Her hand rested on my shoulder ; I felt it tremble : we were at the chaise door—the step was down. I approached my lips nearer to her ear, to repeat my question. She saw the movement, and inclined herself to meet me : by some accident, her foot slipped, she fell into my arms, and my lips touched her cheek. She recovered herself in a moment, sprang into the chaise, and leaving a folded paper in my hand, as she bade me adieu, exclaimed—“ that will inform you of my residence.” At the same moment the postilion gave his horse the lash, and the chaise drove out of the yard.

END OF VOLUME I.

# **I SAYS, SAYS I;**

**A NOVEL.**

**BY**

**THINKS-I-TO-MYSELF.**

.....

**TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.**

.....

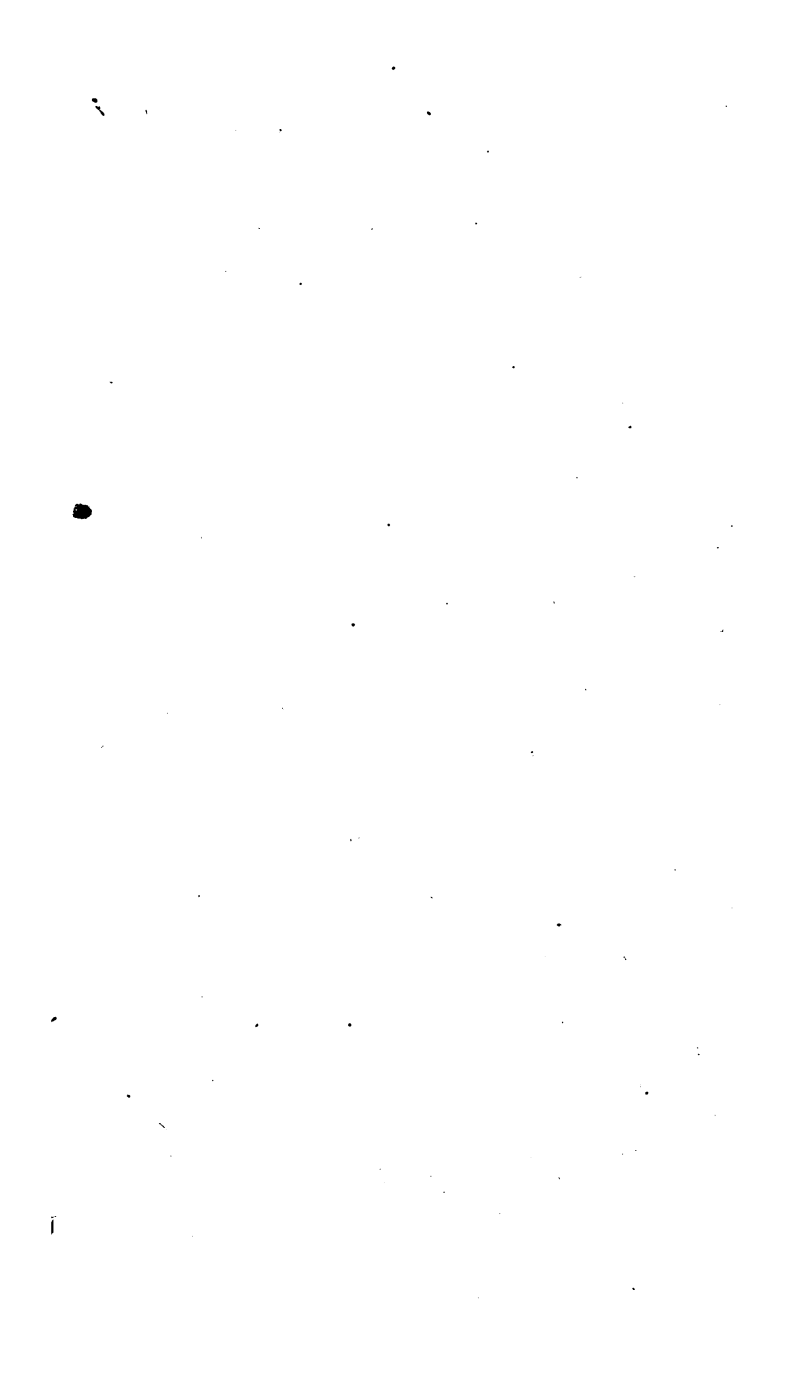
**FIRST AMERICAN,**

**FROM THE SECOND LONDON EDITION, CORRECTED,  
WITH THANKS TO THE PUBLIC, ETC.**

**BOSTON,**

**PUBLISHED BY BRADFORD AND READ;  
AND ANTHONY FINLEY,  
PHILADELPHIA.**

**Oct. 17, 1812.**



# I SAYS, SAYS I.

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"O my Maria!" says I to myself as I slowly returned into the hotel—the expression was followed by a sigh. A body of hussars, nay even a regiment of British horse, with their long whiskers and mustachios to boot; and, by the way, these new-fangled weapons must produce a wonderful effect in annoying an enemy, for even a friend can scarcely contemplate them without feeling certain emotions of horror and antipathy;—I say, even such a body as this could not have more rapidly and effectually cleared a field of battle of a straggling body of infantry, than this idea did my mind of every other idea. It was absolutely done by a *coup de main*. The French lady, with all her attractions and forwardness, was to me as if she had never been. Maria, and Maria only, was to be seen in the plane of my thoughts; like a triumphant Amazon, in accomplishments, she seemed to look down on the scattered legions of reflections which fled before her power: and in the zenith of upright superiority and conscious exaltation, she appeared to exclaim—"Here am I queen! here will I reign supreme mistress!"—"And supreme mistress thou shalt remain," says I to myself,

"while I have ability to controul my thoughts or govern my inclinations."

By this time I had reached my apartment : I must have been guided by some instinctive power ; for I had never given myself the trouble to think, for a moment, of what I was doing, or whither I was going ; and it is probable I might, for some time, have remained unconscious that I had reached the end of my walk, had not Ephraim interrupted my meditations by exclaiming—" The wicked one hath left thee."—" What wicked one," says I, starting from my reverie. " Satan himself," says he, " doth oftentimes assume the appearance of an angel of light ; and that wanton woman who played with thee might have been no other than——" " A French-woman," says I, interrupting him. " A French what !" replied Ephraim. " Whatever you please," I returned—" I know nothing more of her than you do." " I am delighted to hear thee say so," answered Ephraim, for I had fears for thee, yea, very great alarms." I was about to reply, when the folded paper she had put into my hands first occurred to my recollection—" But I shall know something more of her," says I, opening it—" Restrain thy unholy passions, friend," responded Ephraim. It was evident that Ephraim was thinking of one thing, and I of another.

A card dropped out of the envelope ; my notice was attracted by the writing on the letter : I did not observe the fall of the card. Although a quaker, Ephraim had a full share of curiosity : he took it up. " I suppose," says he, " this betrayeth the name of the

——“What !” says I ; and at that moment made a movement as if to snatch the card from him, in attempting which the envelope fell to the ground. Fortunately, however, I recollected myself in time. Ephraim coolly handed it over to me ; “It is thine,” says he. I took it, and read the “Countess de N——.” “Good God !” says I, “was she a Countess ?” “If the card doth not belie her,” returned Ephraim. I was about to place the card in my pocket book, when the sight of the envelope lying on the ground, drew my attention to the writing. The card had entirely obliterated the cover from my recollection.

I took it up, and read it. I have since lost it ; but it ran, as nearly as I can recollect, in the following terms—“Monsieur, you are young ; I am a widow, and wealthy. I have also rank. Call on me in Paris ; and if you are not insensible to my wishes, you may, perhaps, find happiness with

“MARIA DE N——.”

It was brief, but explicit enough. “The French are famous for coming to the point,” says I. “Sometimes they shun the point,” says Crampwell. “You are speaking of the men,” says I. “True,” says Crampwell, “I had forgot myself—the ladies are not so cowardly.” To have said as much as this in England now, would have been all right enough ; but my tutor and myself had totally lost the circumstance of our voyage—it never once crossed our minds that we were in Calais when we both thus threw out, by implication, that the French were cowards. It was a sad instance of forgetfulness. There was a



French waiter in the room ; he frowned, shrugged his shoulders, pronounced " Morbleu !" with particular emphasis, and shut the door violently after him, as he quitted the room.

I took one or two strides across the room just to turn over in my mind whether it was probable that any ill consequences would result from our imprudence, and, as soon as I had satisfied myself on this head, I turned round to Crampwell—he was observing me with much earnestness. I could perceive he had some doubts as to my sanity. " It was an ill-judged conversation," says I, as soon as I could recollect myself a little. Crampwell stared. " You misunderstood the point in question," I continued. " What was the point in question ?" says he. " Never mind," says I : " but when we converse of points in future, let us be careful not to misunderstand one another."

While I was thus speaking, I stood with my face towards the window, which looked into the yard of the hotel. The influx of strangers had for these few days been very great, as I understood from the *maitre d'hotel* : curiosity had induced a great number of English to visit France, and disgust and apprehension had driven many French to visit England. Now the latter had much more reason on their side than the former : the apprehension was well-grounded—the curiosity was absurd. Was it to be expected, that the revolution had metamorphosed the persons of the people ? It should have seemed so, for sooth ; for no sooner did a Monsieur Anglois set

foot on shore, than he began to scrutinize every Frenchman he saw, with as much suspicion in his countenance, as a police officer displays when examining a person of dubious appearance. The poor Frenchmen did not know what to make of such treatment. "Mon Dieu !" says one of them, addressing a very curious gentleman who had just landed, and was quizzing the *petit-maitre* through his eye-glass—"Mon Dieu ! vat is it you see in me ? Am I a vild homme, or a rhinoceros, dat you look so strict at me ?" "Neither, sir ; but you are a revolutionist," says the beau, and walked on.

If you keep company with thieves, you will get the name of a thief. The poor Frenchman's case was somewhat similar. He lived in the era of the revolution, and in the country where it took place, and therefore he was honored with the name of a revolutionist, although he had no more to do with it, probably, than the pen with which I am now writing. It is a very common case, however, that men attain false appellations from this simple cause, namely, because other men bestow these appellations without giving themselves the least trouble to inquire how they fit the person to whom they are applied. But this is neither here nor there—I must go on with my story.

I was standing with my face to the window, observing the different physiognomies of the persons going out and coming in, when I saw a poor Abbé, accompanied by an interesting young female, who leaned on his arm. They were both sorrowful ; at least

their countenances said so ; and I felt my sympathy strongly excited towards them. I was half inclined to go down stairs, and invite the melancholy pair to share my apartment. " Pshaw ! says I, if I give myself so much concern whenever I meet a person in trouble, I shall be in sorrow from the time I have landed until the hour I shall re-embark." I turned away from the window, resolved to think no more of the Abbé and his daughter. It was a philosophical mode of settling with my feelings : but as I seated myself in my chair, I could not exactly reconcile it with my humanity. I was uneasy upon my seat. " I will think of Maria," says I to myself. Which Maria ! There are three of them. " Good God !" says I ; and before I knew what I was about, I found myself again at the window. The Abbé and his daughter were still there : they seemed to be in more affliction than before. " My God !" says I to myself, " they have neither money nor friends." I fell into a fit of absence ; and when I came to myself, I was walking at a confounded rate through the hotel : I began to inquire whither I was going so fast ; but, before I could satisfy myself, I was by the side of the Abbé. It was altogether an inadvertency.

There was an air of dignified resignation in the countenance of the sufferer, which would have found its way to a harder heart than mine. I could not withstand the potency of the expression. " If you are not too much pressed for time, monsieur," says I, " perhaps you will honour me with your company to

dine with me in my apartment ?” He made no immediate reply : but turning towards me, he fixed his eyes upon my countenance with an expression I can never forget. His inclination and his discretion seemed to be at variance ; but the struggle was short. I had extended my hand to him : it was the token of friendship : he accepted it. “ We are strangers,” said he, in very good English. “ We are so,” says I : but must we remain so ?” He looked at his daughter, as much as to say—“ Shall I accept his offer ?” A beam of pleasure glistened in her tearful eye ; it decided him ; he placed his arm within mine, and together we entered the hotel. My heart sprang to meet its new acquaintance.

“ And are you going to Paris, monsieur,” says I. He shook his head mournfully : I saw the tears gliding down the cheeks of the young lady. I reproached myself for touching, though ignorantly, on a subject which caused such distress. “ I shall never see Paris again, monsieur,” said he : “ it is the tomb of my happiness.” When he got thus far, he paused, and sighed deeply. I made no reply ; and he continued—“ Oh ! monsieur, I could tell you a tale of such sorrow.” The young lady’s emotions became so strong, that the Abbé seemed to forget his own troubles in his anxiety to console his daughter. “ Cheer up, my love,” said he ; “ he who has wounded us, can heal the hurts he has made. We have still, out of our property, enough left to carry us to an asylum ; and in Britain we may hope to find that peace which France has robbed us of.” I would have said something here, as the organ of my coun-

try ; but my heart was too full ; my tongue was impotent. I remained silent.

“ Monsieur will, perhaps, listen to your story, father,” said the young lady ; “ it will relieve you to unburden yourself of your afflictions.” It was the voice of an angel. I gazed on her with silent admiration. What was the Countess de N—— to her ? I loved her next to my Maria ! “ It will be tedious to you, monsieur ; you may have sorrows of your own,” exclaimed the worthy priest. “ If I had,” said I, with some warmth, “ I would not hesitate to confide them to your bosom.” The Abbé was pleased with my manner ; he pressed my hand : his daughter cast a look of silent gratitude upon me, which is not yet obliterated from my memory.

Unfortunate Juliet ! how often have I wept over thy sorrows, and sighed as I have looked back on the blighted promise of thy early days ! Could not the wide world, so fruitful in humanity and neglect, produce one heart sensible of thy virtues and thy merits—one bosom which would throb responsive to thine ? Was there no arm to shield thy tender beauties from the biting frost of adversity—none but the paralyzed, the shaken, the unsinewed arm of an aged parent, whose energies were destroyed by the sharpness of his afflictions ? Alas ! if there was one, thou didst not find it—there was none for thee !

“ Ten days ago, monsieur,” commenced the Abbé ; “ only ten days—and I had a wife, two sons, and my daughter. We were happy together—happy in the love of our neighbours—happy in our mutual caresses. Eight days since, it was early in the morning,

a party of *gens d'arms* entered my house ; and, under an order from the Directory, seized my boys. They were innocent of any crime ; but they had enemies—who is without them, monsieur ?” The Abbé paused to wipe away his tears, and kiss off his daughter’s. I am sure my Maria will forgive me for the expression, “ I almost envied him.”

The Abbé proceeded—“ The imputation of crime is sufficient in these times of mistrust. Integrity is but a weak defence. My boys were tried—yes, they were placed before a mock and blood-thirsty tribunal. Let me hasten over the rest—they are in heaven ! the stroke was too heavy for the heart of a fond mother to endure—she is no more ! While death remained in my house, the republican soldiers again entered it. I had received notice of their approach ; and had just time to collect my jewels and money, and to escape with my Juliet, when my house was in flames. My feelings had been too well instructed in misery already to suffer much on this occasion. We bent our way hither ; and it is our intention to embrace the first opportunity to escape from this scene of desolation.” He concluded : his heart seemed bursting : but a flood of tears gave him relief. Juliet sobbed audibly. I could have pressed her to my bosom as a sister ; but I was a stranger, and I only dared to weep and sob in unison with them.

“ Have you friends in England ?” I asked The Abbé squeezed my hand. “ Only Him who in every clime and country is the friend of the wretched.” “ And he will be yours,” said I energetically : “ and

he will lead you and your Juliet to scenes where you may recover your happiness.”—“ My happiness has taken wing from earth, replied the Abbé.” The subject was a melancholy one. I was anxious to turn it into a different channel. “ I will give you letters of recommendation to my father, Sir Philip Russel,” says I ; “ he will feel a pleasure in lessening your sorrows, and in drawing out the arrows with which misfortune has pierced you.” The Abbé and his daughter thanked me ! I pressed the hand of the former ; and throwing my arms round the amiable Juliet, I clasped her to my bosom, as I exclaimed—“ Sir Philip has no daughter ; he will adopt and love thee !”

“ And Maria would be a sister to her,” my heart added, but I dared not suffer the idea to escape from me. It was a luxurious moment : in all the voluptuousness of sympathy my soul revelled, and looked down with a feeling of conscious superiority on those bosoms which are made too callous by Nature or habit to participate in the joys or the sorrows of others. “ What,” says I to myself, and I rose in my own opinion above ten degrees as I suffered the idea to swell in my mind—“ What pleasure has the unfeeling heart to boast of equal to that of making the misfortunes of virtue one shade lighter by dropping on them the alleviating tear of friendship ?” And when I shut the doors of my heart against the knockings of him who is in distress, may the Being, at whose command the gates of Heaven are expanded for the admission of the virtuous, turn away from me when I would seek to enter !”

A packet was about to sail the same evening : I would not ask the Abbé to prolong his stay, as I found he was not entirely free from the apprehension that he might be pursued by the unrelenting cruelty of those who had deprived him of his sons. I accompanied them to the beach : it was like the parting of friends whom length of years and intimacy had rendered dear to each other. " When you reach Paris," said the Abbé, " go to the church-yard of St. Benedict. In the remotest corner from the church, under a solitary yew, and covered by a flat stone, you will find———" He could not proceed : his tears and his silence were eloquent. " I will visit the spot," said I, " and pay homage to the memory of departed virtue." The beach was pretty free from spectators. The Abbé caught me in his arms, and with a father's affection, embraced me. I pressed Juliet's hand to my lips ; she inclined her cheek to me, and I kissed it—it was a salute which angels might have witnessed without offence ; and my Maria, had she seen it, would have loved her Henry the better for his philanthropy. The boat was waiting ; the Abbé stepped on board, I handed Juliet after him : a sudden childishness overcame me, and a plentiful suffusion of tears prevented me from seeing any more ; but the receding splashing of the oars sounded their departure. I retraced my way to the hotel.

" This is the first incident which has occurred to me in France," says I to myself, " and a sombre tinge it has upon it." Although I had heard so



much about the superior politeness and the superior taste of the French before I set out on my tour, I began already to think that if those, who are so ready to prefer foreign manners and customs to those of our own country, had witnessed the scene and heard the tale I had seen and heard to-day, they would have been induced to suspend their belief of the astonishing virtues which grow every where but at home. "Good God!" says I, "is it possible that such sanguinary atrocities can be tolerated and committed in a nation celebrated for its polish?" If I had not conceived such a high opinion of the Abbé de Barsilly, I should almost have been tempted to question the truth of a narrative which displayed human nature in such disgusting colours. His tears, his sighs, his anguish, however; and the sighs, tears, and anguish, of Juliet, were corroborations which falsehood could never have produced. I was convinced that the Abbe spoke truth; and that refinement, when it becomes outrageous, leaves the actions of old fashioned ignorant barbarity at a respectful distance.

"We might get to Boulogne to-night," says Crampwell, just as I had sealed up a packet for my Maria. It was a sacred task, and I would not have omitted it, if the Directory had been at my heels. "How?" says I. The question put him to a nonplus; he had forgotten the emphasis with which the *maitre d'hôtel* had dwelt on the circumstance of every carriage being put in requisition to convey soldiers and men intended for the armies to their several points of destination. "Were not Ephraim and Rachel compelled to trudge to St. Omers on foot?" I continued;

for they had departed while I was engaged with the Abbé de Barsilly and his amiable daughter. "True," returned Crampwell eagerly; "but we cannot stay here until the armies are all recruited." "But we must stay here," says I, "unless indeed——" "Unless what?" asked Crampwell eagerly. I saw the idea of detention was odious to him. "Unless we can make up our minds to bribe the *maitre*," I returned. "We are not in England," says Crampwell, in a disappointed tone. "But the French take bribes, from the general of an army, to the *fille de chambre*," says I. As I said this I pulled the bell-rope.

"I thought the French were immaculate," says Crampwell. "We'll try 'em," says I. A waiter came into the room. I wanted his master; in two skips he was out again, and (if I may judge from the interval which elapsed, allowing about two seconds for a skip) in about three and twenty more his master entered. "Can I have a chaise to Boulogne?" says I. He shook his head sagely, and uttered a negative with such determination in his voice, that I really began to fear lest Crampwell should have thought correctly. "If this fails," says I to myself, taking a guinea out of my pocket, (I knew a bank note would not carry the point,) "we must e'en follow Ephraim's example, or sit down contentedly, and study the manners and customs of Calais." I threw it on the table. "Could not you procure me a conveyance," says I, "if I added another to it?"—"Mon Dieu!" says the asto-

nished Frenchman, scratching his head, "les Anglois are so genereuse ! Begar, I will run and see." This reply was intersected by a great many pauses : he seemed unwilling to enter into an engagement so promptly after his strong negative ; he was equally reluctant to leave the guinea on the table. " You may take it," says I, seeing how attentively he eyed it, " if you will undertake to provide us a conveyance on the terms I offered you." He made a skip towards the table. I laid my finger on the guinea. " I must have a reply. Will you or not ?"—" Oui, Monsieur," says he, grasping the prize, and, making a skipping bow to the ground, to show the extent of his gratitude, he disappeared.

In half an hour we were on the road to Boulogne. " You see," says I to Crampwell, " the French take bribes." " Amongst the middling and lower classes," says he. " Aye," says I, " and amongst the higher ones too." The secret consists in apportioning the *quantum* to the quality of the receiver." " There may be some truth in it," says Crampwell. " But it is a wretched conveyance," says I ; " one may, in England, travel fourteen miles in better stile for two guineas." The horses were not much inclined to the *en bon point* ; consequently were not entitled to the appellation of beautiful, and the vehicle was an old shattered chaise, through twenty places in the body of which the wind, had there been any stirring, might have annoyed us at all points. It was fortunately a serene summer's evening ; and the carriage was well

adapted for the season. Indeed it might have been as well if a little new paint had been afforded to its exterior, for we were by no means so attached to the antiquarian principles, as to feel any very particular veneration for the broken coat, which afforded a strong evidence that the paint must have been laid on about the period of *Louis le Grand* !

I don't know what it was which put me in an ill humour ; it might have been because we were no less than seven hours in travelling over this very moderate space of ground, between one hindrance and another. Whatever it was, however, which produced it, I was so surly when we drove into Boulogne, that I was disposed to quarrel with every thing I saw. "Good God !" says I, "is this their boasted Boulogne ! Why the dirty mud-cisterns and paltry rag-shops of St. Giles's cut a more respectable appearance."

The postilion was holding the door in his hand. "Mon Dieu, monsieur !" says he, "c'est un beau—" "Pshaw !" says I, putting a crown in his palm. Previous to this act of reconciliation, the countenance of the Frenchman had betrayed certain symptoms of dissatisfaction ; but now, it was suddenly relaxed into the most obliging form possible. I dare say he would have listened with the utmost complacency imaginable while I had branded with opprobrium every city, town, and village, in the empire of the republic.

There is nothing either in the appearance of the town, or in the manners of the Boulognese, to attract an Englishman ; unless he can divest himself of the recollection of the airy streets and open candour which

are to be found in the interior of his own country. The fortifications are the only part worth viewing ; and these we were not allowed to inspect, in consequence of the strict regulations adopted under the new *regime*. " And why should a nation at peace with the world observe such a singular line of conduct ?" says I to the hôte, when he had explained to me this new system. He shook his head very sagaciously. I continued, " They might surely have allowed us to gratify an innocent curiosity—we are neither spies nor engineers." The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders, and with a bow to the ground, replied, "*vous vous trompez lourdement !*" I felt myself in a strange ferment. " What !" says I, looking first at Crampwell, then at the Frenchman, " do we resemble men of this description ?" As I said this, I had advanced a few paces towards the *petit maitre* ; he was evidently discomposed by the sternness of my countenance. "*Pardonnez-moi, monsieur,*" says he, retreating as I advanced ; "*les Anglois ont trop d'ingenuité !*" I did not trouble myself about the fitness of the compliment, but allowing it to produce its intended effect, I assumed a look of complacency, and the hôte retired, not a little gratified at the success of his *cajolerie*.

We had remained a week at Boulogne. " It is necessary," says Crampwell, when I urged an earlier departure : " it is necessary to make ourselves well acquainted with the manners and customs of the different towns where we pause, and these are not to be obtained in a day." " But other tourists," says I, " unless they are allured by some particular object which

promises them pleasure, hurry from town to town; and know no more of the manners and customs of the continent on their return, than they did at their outset." "True," says Crampwell; "and if it is your wish to imitate them——." I knew the complacency of my tutor too well to be ignorant of the idea he was about to express: I did not give him time to finish the expression, but interrupted him. "But I do not wish it," says I. "I would neither pass over the customs of France, nor slumber over them neither."

The next day we reached Abbeville; there was nothing in it to learn or to amuse, and, as pleasure or profit regulates the movements of most travellers, we pushed on to Amiens; and in four days afterwards we found ourselves in the hotel d'Angleterre in Paris. The house was full, and we could procure no accommodation. What was to be done? "There is an English family next door," says the *maitre* in broken English, "and perhaps they may accommodate you." The hint was sufficient: I sent Crampwell to open a negotiation, and in less than an hour we were admitted into the society of Mr. Dutton and his family.

"And what could induce you to visit Paris at such an unfavourable period?" asked Mr. Dutton, as our friendship grew warm over the exhilarating wine he placed before us. "In England," says I, "we were ignorant of the excesses into which this revolutionary mania had hurried its victims." "The worst is yet to come!" says he, shaking his head, and sighing deeply; and he spoke prophetically, for on that very night the tocsin was rung, the drums beat to arms, and the a-

alarm-bells sounded. It was the signal for general destruction; the sword of the destroying angel passed through the streets of Paris, and the morning sun rose on a scene of blood.

My mind recoiled with horror from the contemplation of evils to which I could discover no limits—I shuddered at the excesses which were committed under the sacred name of Liberty.—“O my country,” says I to myself, “how much happier art thou, under the pressure of thy sorrows, which are not trivial, than France is likely to be under a system which cannot destroy oppression without drowning it in the blood of the oppressed.” I was no enemy to the liberties of France. No! God forbid that I should be the enemy of the liberties of any nation under heaven! I had learned to hate the tyranny which had so long kept her in a state of vassalage; and when the prospect of a revolution first presented itself to the world, I rejoiced in the hope that it would lead to the general prosperity of a great people. I had not foreseen that a few bloody-minded savages, the scum of the vile and the refuse of the community, would be able to engross the favor of the sovereign, and to establish a reign of terror. I was ill able to anticipate the foundation of an iron despotism, on the ruins of a more fragile fabric of corruption. No! had I been gifted with a prophetic eye, I should rather have prayed for the continuance of the system which did exist, evil as it was, and greatly as it increased in evil, rather than for the occurrence of a revolution which, while with one hand it struck off the chains which fettered the nation, with the other

forged more durable and weighty ones in their room. How weak and bounded are human perception and penetration!

We were sitting round the breakfast table: the party consisted of Mr. Dutton, his two daughters, and myself, (he had lost his wife four years before this period;) a newspaper had been brought in, and I was reading the sorrowful detail of the events of the night when suddenly a volley of musquetry cleared the street. We started from our seats in silent horror; when the door of the apartment flew open, and a young man of elegant manners, but with an expression of fear in his countenance which I shall never forget, rushed in, and, bleeding from a wound he had just received in his shoulder, entreated our protection. "I am denounced and proscribed," said he, "and if you refuse me an asylum, I must die." "What is your crime?" asked Mr. Dutton. "Alas!" returned the stranger, "my mother is the Countess de N———" "Good God!" says I, "is it possible?" The cause of my sudden emotion was fortunately misunderstood. No one suspected that I knew any thing of the Countess, and my expression was naturally enough attributed to the surprise I must have felt on finding that to be the son of a Countess was considered a crime. "And have you left your mother to perish?" inquired Mr. Dutton. I was about to ask the question myself, as soon as I could have moulded it to my own satisfaction. "Alas, sir, says the young nobleman, "a party of soldiers entered the hotel de N——— this morning; and after plundering it of every thing of value, they seized the



Countess before I was informed of the purpose of their visit, and I only escaped through the gratitude of one of the troop to whom I had rendered service formerly; the hotel is now in ashes."

A tumult at this moment was heard in the street. "They are in pursuit of me!" exclaimed the young Count. We assisted him up the stairs, and were on the point of giving him egress by the door which led to the roof, when we perceived that the *gens-d'armes* had passed by, and the imminence of the danger was over.

Previous to this occurrence I had determined to give myself no further trouble about the Countess de N——; her billet and her card I had given to the flames. But no sooner did I hear of her distress and her danger, than I felt interested in her safety. Accordingly, to the young Count de N—— I determined to communicate that I had accidentally met with the Countess, suppressing all those circumstances of our acquaintance, which might wound his feelings, or lessen his natural affection. He received the information with some surprise. "Surely, sir," says he, after a moment's hesitation, "you are not the Mr. Russell of whom she has been accustomed since her return, to speak in the highest terms?" and on my answering in the affirmative, he embraced me with as much apparent affection, as if we had been long intimate, yet long divided.

"But can nothing be done to save the Countess?" I asked, addressing myself to Mr. Dutton. He mused awhile without returning any answer. "I would wil-

lingly undergo a little risk to preserve her ;" I continued. Mr. Dutton remained silent, but, beckoning me to follow him, left the apartment. I made a slight excuse to the Count, and rejoined my host in the adjoining room.

" Do you know any thing of this Countess de N———" says Mr. Dutton, as soon as he had fastened the door. I answered in the negative ; adding the manner in which we had become acquainted, and the circumstances which delicacy had induced me to conceal from the knowledge of her son. " She is one of the most abandoned women in Paris," he returned ; " a professed courtesan, and one who will run any lengths to gratify her pleasures." " Good God !" says I to myself, shuddering at the idea ; " from what a woman have I escaped !" I was thunderstruck at the intelligence ; for although I had expected to find her perfectly free in her conduct to myself, should I call upon her, I was far from suspecting the real nature of her character. As soon, however, as I had divested myself of the first emotions of horror which had taken possession of me, I expressed my intention still to serve her, if it lay in my power. " I know Compiere," says Mr. Dutton, after a moment's pause. The name was foreign to my ears. " Who is Compiere ?" says I. " A man who has much influence," returned Mr. Dutton, " but who is very tenacious of his interference ; choosing rather to remain in obscurity than to purchase greatness and a momentary popularity at the price of his virtue and integrity." " Such a man will scorn to ask a favour of the unprincipled," says I, in a

disappointed tone. "What he would not ask as a favor," returned Dutton, "he would demand as a right. He is acquainted with the secrets of the revolution, and the designs of those who projected it." I made no objection to an application to this man, and a note was immediately despatched to him.

When a man practises reserve to the woman he loves, it is a certain sign that he either entertains doubts as to the extent of her affection, or the purity of his own conduct. This idea suggested itself to my mind, as I was considering whether I should relate my adventures with the Countess de N—— to my Maria in the letter, I had just commenced; and it determined me at once. "But why have I hitherto concealed the circumstance?" I asked myself; and I was a little posed to answer the question. It was certain that I felt satisfied as to my own conduct on this occasion; and, consequently, if my position held good, it was a natural inference that I must be dubious of the extent of Maria's affection for me. "But I am certain of her love," says I, rising from my chair, and dashing my pen on the table; "and if I were not certain, I would instantly return and satisfy myself, let what would be the consequence." "Then my position goes to the dogs," says I to myself, seating myself again with the utmost composure imaginable. I was not at all contented, however, with this mode of settling the dispute, so I laid down my pen once more; and resting my chin upon my left palm, I began playing with the paper with my right hand; it was quite a studious attitude.

“ Why did I conceal this circumstance until now ?” says I to myself once more. I could not tell : in vain did I look up towards heaven for a ray of intellectual light to guide me out of the labyrinth into which I had plunged myself. I became very restless and impatient ; at last it increased to downright anger at my own stupidity. I put the letter into my desk, and locking it up very hastily, I snatched up my hat, and was proceeding out of my apartment, when, suddenly the very idea I had been hunting after rushed into my mind. “ It will do !” says I to myself, returning to my seat, unlocking my desk, and taking out my paper again. The abruptness of my movement had set all my stagnant ideas into action, and I knew as well the cause of my reserve to Maria, as though I had studied the matter the last seven years. “ I concealed the circumstance,” says I to myself, “ because I did not wish to alarm Maria’s affection for me by any descriptions of the wantonness and levity of the French women with whom I was about to associate.”

I had no great difficulty to persuade myself that this was really the case, and, if my reader should be of a different opinion, I can only convince him that he is wrong, by assuring him that I directly sat down, and wrote a very long letter to Maria, in which I related every tittle which passed between the Countess and myself, even to the delivery of the card and the *billet-doux*. If after this, he should remain obstinate, I can only express my wonder that nature should have gifted any man with such an unreasonable portion of infidelity ; and then proceed with my tale.

The Count de N——'s wound was but of little consequence ; and, although it bled so profusely at his entrance into our breakfast room, a single dressing was deemed sufficient to remove the inconvenience attending it. By the time when Monsieur Compierre was expected, he felt little of it. It was about six o'clock when this bloated consequential Frenchman arrived ; and, as I had made up my mind to see a round-faced benevolent countenance, beaming with every virtue, and hanging out a sign of integrity which no one could mistake, I must confess I endured a grievous disappointment when I beheld a long-visaged, sharp-nosed, surly looking gentleman, who seemed to expect every one to do homage to him, while he himself scarcely deigned to notice any one except Dutton and his daughters. I did not gather much hope and confidence from his looks.

" You must save the Countess, if you can," says Dutton, as soon as he had related the outrage which had been committed on her hotel on the preceding morning. The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders. "*C'est fort difficile,*" says he. I imagined I saw the motive of his hesitation ; and for a moment I hesitated to consider in what way I could offer a bribe without running a risk of a refusal. " It may be needful," says I, " to see the *quichetiers* ;" and as I said this, I took out a purse of livres, and made a movement to place them in his hand. He drew back a few steps, and made a pause, as if to recollect himself. I was in fear

of a refusal: the Count de N—— seemed suspended by his agitation: Dutton looked confused; and the young ladies fixed their beautiful eyes anxiously on Compiere. Our doubts were soon removed; the Frenchman, with an expression of consent, held out his hand, took the purse, and, in a few minutes, he had quitted the house.

“The French take bribes,” says I, addressing myself to Crampwell. When Compiere had hesitated, I perceived the smile of triumph which had lighted up Crampwell’s countenance, but it disappeared as the Frenchman held out his hand for the bait. He made no reply to my expression. “And this,” says I to myself, “is the boasted virtue and integrity of Monsieur Compiere.” I said nothing audibly: I had no wish to add to Dutton’s confusion; he appeared disappointed, and I was convinced that he had mistaken the character of his friend. I had inadvertently set him right on the subject.

In about two hours after his departure, Monsieur Compiere returned, and with him the Countess de N——. I felt confused at her entrance, the reason was obvious to myself: I had concealed the principal features of our acquaintance from the Count; and I was at a loss how to conduct myself towards her. She soon relieved me from my embarrassment on this head, when, advancing towards me with the most easy familiarity in the world, and without noticing any other person present, she presented her check to me, as she exclaimed,—“My dear friend, I am rejoiced to meet with you in Paris. Assist me to thank Monsieur

Compiere for his kind interference." I pretended not to observe the movement of her cheek towards me, but, taking her hand, I was about to make some sort of reply, when the Count took up the subject. "Madame," says he, "it is to this gentleman also that you are indebted for your liberty."

"Never was any thing so unfortunate," says I to myself; "I would not that she should have known a tittle of the business, for God knows what misconstructions she may put upon the act." I was more than once induced to quarrel with myself, for being so profuse with my livres: but I recalled good humour by persuading myself that it was an act of humanity which I would have exercised towards any stranger. "Aye," says I again, "and he who would not part with fifty livres to save the life of any fellow-creature, little deserves to share the good things which heaven gives to man." While I was settling this account within myself, the Count had explained to his mother the share I had borne in the recent transaction. I could have wished to be any where rather than present at this moment; but it could not be avoided.

As soon as the Countess understood the extent of her obligations towards me, she seemed to think that she might, under the cloak of gratitude, give a free vent to her feelings; and, to my utter confusion and affliction, she immediately advanced again towards me, and, *sans ceremonie*, throwing her arms round me, embraced me with an ardour which absolutely disconcerted me. I would freely have given fifty livres, had they been the last which remained in my purse, to have evaded this embrace.

I cannot possibly tell to what new mortifications I might have been exposed, had not Monsieur Compiere most kindly interrupted the ardour of the Countess, by informing her that this was no time to hinder in idle gratitude ; but that, if she wished to escape, she must take instant measures for her departure, as she would be pursued as soon as her emancipation should be discovered. " And whither can I fly ?" says she, in a tone of mingled supplication and disappointment. " To England, Madame," replied the Count.—" But who will be my companion and protector ?" says she, casting a glance on me which I could not misunderstand. I turned my head away, and walked to the window. The Count, however, had noticed the look, and fathomed its expression ; and, in an angry voice returned—" I will, Madame ; unless you have a more agreeable protector in view."

The tone and manner of the expression induced me to look round. The Countess appeared to swell with indignation, and with great difficulty to restrain her anger within the bounds of moderation. My eyes met those of the Count ; there was a fury in his looks which surprised without alarming me. I resumed my former position, and paid no attention to the apparent menace. My mortifications, however, were not nearly concluded : I only fell from one difficulty into another ; it was an evening of trial ; and many a time, before it was over, had I wished that I had never quitted the deck of the packet.

I had just fallen into one of my reveries when I was suddenly startled by a gentle tap on my shoulder. I



turned round instantly : it was the Countess—" Mr. Russel," says she, " I wish to speak with you in private before I take my leave of you." I would willingly have excused myself had I known how to have managed it ; but my natural stupidity resumed its empire in my mind, and I followed her to the next room.

• " Dearest and best of men," exclaimed the Countess, throwing herself into my arms, " can you suffer me to become an outcast from my country, after you have released me, and not accompany me to shield me from the dangers of a strange land ?" " The Count will protect you, madame," says I ; " and you are going amongst Englishmen !"—" Then you will not go with me ?" she returned, in a voice of menace. " I cannot, madame," says I ; " my engagements will not permit such a step." " False cold-hearted Englishman," she returned, " then I will return to my prison, and tomorrow shall behold me led forth to decapitation, the victim of your cruelty." As she said this, she made a movement to retire ; when the door suddenly flew open, and the Count entered with an agitation of countenance which convinced me that he had overheard our conversation.

My sensations at this moment were by no means of a pleasurable nature. I had involved myself evidently, both with the mother and the son, and I was unable to guess at the consequences which might result from the circumstance. " But I have acted correctly," says I to myself : " I have preserved unshaken my constancy to Maria ; and, let what will occur, I will so conduct myself as not to render my-

self undeserving of her affection." The idea inspired me with new vigour. I could have withstood the combined charms of all the Countesses in Europe and the united attacks of all the Counts to boot.

"You must account to me, sir, for this attempt to degrade my family!" says the Count, advancing towards me with an air of defiance, and touching the hilt of his sword with his right hand. I stood firm; and looked stedfastly in his countenance. "If all who belong to your family, Count," says I, "had done as much to preserve its honor as I have done, it would not now have been the *badinage* of Paris." "You must explain this mysterious insinuation, and that instantly," returned the angry Count. "You had better seek the explanation from the Countess," says I, "she will adapt it to her own feelings better than I may."

Hitherto the Countess had stood in silence, but the unusual agitation of her whole frame sufficiently betrayed the state of her mind. She could restrain herself no longer. "All the English are barbarians," says she; "and I will rather die under the guillotine than live amongst them." It was an ungrateful expression; and I almost detested the heart which could give existence to it. "But did not Dutton say she was abandoned?" says I to myself, "and will a woman, who has gone to such lengths, hesitate to go still farther to gratify her revenge?" By the time I had proposed an answer to this question, the Count had had leisure to ponder over his mother's expression. His rage seemed to be growing into a more boisterous form: he stamped violently on the ground;

half extricated his sword from his scabbard ; and demanded if I was aware of the rank and character of his family. I felt a greater inclination to pity the Count than to resent his outrageous conduct ; and, taking him coolly by the arm, I requested him to walk with me into another apartment.—“ We will talk over this matter dispassionately,” says I, “ and I have no doubt the result will be satisfactory to both parties.” The Count assented, and we walked out of the room together : while the Countess, enraged to see her designs frustrated, exclaimed, in a voice of fury, “ I will yet be revenged !” and rushed into the street.

Although hasty in his temper, the Count was open to reason ; and as I considered farther delicacy on the subject of his mother’s conduct as injustice to myself, I soon convinced him that his anger against me, to say the least of it, was premature. He intreated my pardon for the insults he had offered to me ; and, as he wept over the developement of the infamy of the Countess, I felt that I loved him as a brother. And how easily might nine-tenths of human resentments be disarmed, if we would but allow reason to become the mediator ! How many an untimely death might have been avoided, had not the blusterings of passion deafened the ear to explanation !

We had just returned to the room where our friends were sitting, and were busily employed in forming vague conjectures as to the nature of the revenge threatened by the Countess, when, suddenly, the outer door was violently assailed by a party of

*gens d'armes*, and I had just caught Emily Dutton (who fainted at the moment she found I was in danger) in my arms, when the officer of the detachment entered the room, accompanied by the Countess, and followed by several of his men. "This is your prisoner," said the abandoned woman, pointing to me; "I denounce him as an enemy to the republic." I had no time to recover myself from the stupor into which I was thrown by this strange occurrence, before Emily was snatched from my arms, and I was pinioned as a felon, in spite of the interference of Compiere, who expressed his determination to rescue me. "Take care of this unprincipled woman!" says he; "she is one of the noblesse!" The charge was sufficient; she was instantly secured, and we were marched off to the residence of the intendant of the police, attended by Compiere, Dutton, and Crampwell.

During this gloomy march, I had sufficient leisure for reflection. The circumstance, however, had completely turned my ideas into a channel altogether different from that to which they had been accustomed. Dungeons, guillotines, taunts, and every catastrophe to which human nature is liable, were the principal features in my imagination. "And all this comes of this cursed fashion of making *le grand tour*," says I to myself; and in the bitterness of my heart, I cursed him who first projected a scheme which was so fertile in moral and physical danger, and from which so little benefit ever resulted. "But," I continued, "if fashion required it of every parent to sacrifice the first-born, such is her power and in-

fluence over the people of the eighteenth century, that her altars, from morning to night, would reek beneath the unnatural slaughter." When I had reached thus far, I felt my mind a good deal relieved ; and if I had been allowed to give it utterance, I don't doubt that the effects would have been still more salutary. My thoughts now took a turn to Maria : " If this occurrence should have a tragical termination," says I again, and I felt a pang at the idea which convinced me it would be no easy task to bid life farewell, notwithstanding at former periods I had talked so philosophically on the subject,—“ Maria must then become another's !” The thought was worse than the horrors of the guillotine, and I can't tell how I should have managed to prevent my feelings from bursting all bounds, had not we reached, at that instant, the intendant's house.

A crowd of unfortunate prisoners blocked up the avenues to the chamber of justice ; and we were informed that it was scarcely possible we could be examined before the morrow. In this case our fate would be indeed gloomy, for the dungeon to which we should have been doomed for the night would have been little less terrible than death. Compiere, however, gained admission into the presence of the intendant : he knew him ; and obtained permission for us immediately to be brought forward : at the same time he gave me to understand that it would be necessary to make the intendant a present of a purse of a hundred livres, if I wished to be liberated. I put two hundred livres into his hand ; he was pleased with my generosity, and without delay repaired

to the intendant again, and won his favour. "What charge is there against this Englishman?" asked the intendant; the Countess without hesitation denounced me. "And who is this woman?" resumed the judge. "The Countess de N——," returned Compiere. It was the signal for her destruction: the magistrate instantly ordered me to be set at liberty; and the Countess, gnashing her teeth in all the impotence of disappointed rage, was conveyed to prison.

When I returned home, I rushed eagerly into the house to publish myself, to the Count and the ladies, the news of my liberation. Emily was violently ill, through the excess of her agitation: from the moment of my departure she had incessantly called on me; and, no sooner did I enter the apartment, than she sprang from the couch, and, throwing herself into my arms faintly ejaculated—"Thank Heaven, he is safe!" and swooned. I was distressed to behold the excess of her emotion; for it induced me to call up to my recollection a thousand instances of affection she had at various periods since my arrival betrayed towards me: and the discovery caused me severe pain; for she was amiable, and I lamented that she should love in vain. I could have shed my blood for her, but my heart was irrevocably the property of another.

These reflections gave a very serious turn to my countenance; so that when every one expected to see me happy and gay in consequence of my late escape, the gravity which clothed my face excited no inconsiderable surprise. I attributed it to a dozen

causes, as remote as possible from the real one ; and to lull the suspicions of those around me, I continued frequently to force a smile, while my heart was torn with real anguish by the recent discovery I had made. I consoled myself, however, in some degree, by forming a resolution to disclose to Emily my real situation. " It is a duty I owe to her virtues," says I to myself ; " it is incumbent on me to awaken her in time to the truth, that she may check the progress of an affection which can only be productive of misery to one of Nature's fairest ornaments." After this decision, I was enabled to wear a gayer aspect, except when my eye painfully traced the anxious glances with which Emily surveyed me.

I have been endeavouring this half hour without effect to find in Nature a single object which more powerfully excites sympathy in the manly bosom than the sight of an amiable female in a state of distress. I have drawn the picture in my mind's eye, just such as I have seen it at various periods of my existence ; the throb convulsive which agitates the bosom ; the half-suppressed sigh struggling to extricate itself ; the tear glistening in the eye, and slowly rolling itself down the pale cheek ; and the wrinkle of sorrow indented on the brow.—I have seen the original of this picture in Juliet, in Emily, and in my Maria—yes, in my Maria ; but may gracious Heaven, if it have any new miseries in store for me, mercifully deduct this from the number—the pain of beholding the form I love or esteem convulsed with the agony of disappointed hope.

On the following morning, the opportunity I sought for offered itself to me ; but when I had resolved to open the subject, I found myself almost incompetent to the task. Emily, as she extended her hand to me, in a voice of such angelic kindness inquired after my health, that, at this moment, had there been no Maria Parker in the world, all the world to me would have been centred in Emily Dutton. But my Maria was in the world, and I was not inconstant to her even in thought ; her image rose on my fancy, and my determination flowed again.

I began to talk of my Maria. There was no other way of managing the business ; at least none which to me appeared in any way plausible. I dwelt on her good qualities of mind and body with the ardour of a lover. I was resolved to probe the wound deeply, that the cure might be radical. I pretended not to regard the alternate flush and paleness of her cheek. I did not venture to gaze on her countenance, lest her tearful eye, and the emotion too visible in every feature, should disarm me, and divert me from my purpose. But when I concluded, I ventured to raise my eyes ; but I staggered at the sight of her altered visage ; it appeared to me as the complexion of death. " Good God !" cried I, stretching out my arms to support her sinking form, " has my accursed folly brought about this dreadful change ?" The amiable girl replied only by a sigh ; and, as I pressed her to my bosom, her head sank lifelessly on my shoulder.

Mr. Dutton entered the room : he started on perceiving the situation of his daughter, and, advancing towards us, inquired, in an impatient tone of voice,



what had caused this scene ? I entered into an explanation in a few words, while he attempted to recover her. He was satisfied by the recital ; but it was evident that he keenly felt the disappointment. Emily was soon restored ; and casting a look of anguish upon me, which convulsed my soul, she leaned on the arm of her father, and silently left the room.

Whatever being thou art—whether thou art a deity of the first, second, or third order, according to ancient classification—whether thou art ranked amongst the *Dii superis* or the *Dii inferis*—and whether thy name be Cupid or Lucifer—thou dost take delight in making wounds which are too frequently incurable, and amongst the many mortal murders thou art daily committing, dost chuckle and laugh in thy sleeve at the frailty of thy victims !—thou mischief-maker among women, and sower of discord among men, cannot thy arrows inflict tortures enow on the hearts of poor bipeds, unless their points are dipped in hemlock or gall ? To be sure, thy godship is represented by poets and painters as nothing more than a little urchin ; but as this description accords exactly with the description of two thousand years standing, I am justified in apprehending that thou art stunted in thy growth, and wilt never attain to years of discretion. In that case, it is but labour lost to exhort thee : like all urchins of mortal texture, thou wilt delight in mischief ; but let me only intreat, that, when thou dost fix in thy bow another poison-pointed arrow, thou wilt select a heart to shoot at less amiable and less susceptible than that of Emily Dutton.

The sun had risen to its meridian, when I ventured forth with Crampwell into the streets of Paris. "It is useless," says I to myself, "to dwell within the walls of Paris, unless we take some little trouble to make ourselves masters of the events which occur therein."—Mr. Crampwell was, with all his knowledge of the world, a man with only a very middling stock of intrepidity : ever since we had been in this metropolis (to be sure it had been but a very short time) he had remained in the house, except when he was compelled to accompany my friends to bring about my liberation ; and, on that occasion, his terrors were too evident to escape notice. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, when I expressed my intention to seek for a little knowledge in the streets of Paris, that he should betray a very serious reluctance to enter into my views. "There is nothing to be seen but massacre," says he, trembling as he spoke, "and we may endanger our persons, without adding to our stock of information." *I says, says I*, assuming a very determined aspect and tone—"That may, or may not be ; we will make the trial, however ; unless you have any fears for yourself." This imputation decided him : like all other men of weak courage, he wished to obtain credit for a great deal.—"Fears !" says he ; "no, Mr. Henry, I have no fears—that is—except for you. What would Sir Philip say, should I lead you into any danger ?"—"Make yourself perfectly easy on that head," says I ; "for be assured I shall make the best use I can of the little time I mean to remain in Paris." He said no more, and we sallied forth.

Crowds were collected in every corner of the streets, which were paraded by soldiers ; we were not anxious to run into danger ; but, as we were strangers to the ways, we were obliged to trust to chance for a direction. A vast concourse of people pressed towards an open space. I asked the cause of the tumult : "*C'est la Place de la Revolution,*" was my answer ; and the explanation was sufficient. A thousand unfortunate wretches had shed their blood on that spot since the first glimmer of the morning. I was curious to see this place of execution ; and, mingling amongst the mob, I was carried to the line of soldiers which surrounded the guillotine. Several victims were waiting, and Death smiled to see the activity and dexterity with which the executioners took from the shoulders of the trembling objects the burden of existence. I felt inclined to sigh ; but I dared not to betray the least appearance of sympathy amidst the universal exclamations which burst from those on every side of me. More than once I turned away my head with horror ; but I found I was noticed, and to save myself I was compelled to throw up my hat, and shout—*Vive la Republique !*

From a cart which drew up to the scaffold, a number of fresh victims ascended the steps to the platform. I marked them, as, one by one, they approached the engine of destruction. There were several females amongst them. One of them particularly attracted my notice. " Good God !" says I, in an audible voice, " it is the unhappy Countess de N——." A murmur of indignation arose around me ; I would have recalled the expression,

had it been possible : the mob began to shove me from side to side : at that instant the Countess laid her head on the block : a general shout burst from the multitude. "It is the only way to save yourself," whispered Crampwell in my ear : I took the hint, and cried out, "*A terre avec la traitresse !*" The expression produced the intended effect : I was no longer an object of suspicion ; but my head grew dizzy—I was sick at heart : and Crampwell, seeing my emotion, drew me out of the crowd.

"Such is the termination of a vicious career," says I to myself, as I walked homewards. I felt a severe pang when I called to mind that this vile woman might have still lived but for me. "She would only have added to her crimes," says Justice. "She might have lived to repent," says Mercy. I found myself inclining to the sentiments of Mercy. "But she had denounced you," says Discretion, "and there was no means left to save yourself but by the sacrifice of her." I was for some moments incredulous on this point ; and was still discussing the subject in my mind, when Crampwell interrupted my meditations. "That vile woman," says he, "is rightly served : she has fallen the victim of her own wickedness." I mused a while before I answered.—"Had she owed her fall to any other than myself," says I, "I should have felt less for the consequence of her treachery." "But there was no alternative," says Crampwell ; "her life or yours was demanded. There could be no hesitation." I endeavoured to believe so ; but I could not shake off the depression which this circumstance had produced.

The Count was sitting with Dutton when I entered. The alteration in my countenance was too visible to escape notice. "What has occurred to cause this affliction?" asked Dutton. I replied by a sigh; for I could not prevail on myself to wound the feelings of the young nobleman: perhaps, he considered that his presence was a restraint upon my feelings; for when he saw my reluctance to impart the cause of my sorrow, he rose from his seat and retired. "The Countess de N—— is no more!" says I, as soon as we were left alone. "Is it so soon over?" replied Dutton. The tears rolled down his cheeks, as he added; "she has brought about her own destruction, but may Heaven have mercy on her!" "Amen," says I. The conversation dropped; Dutton went to break the news to the Count, and I fell into a train of musing.

"Give not way to excessive grief," says I, taking the Count by the hand, as he entered the room. "It is a debt we must all pay." At that moment the part I had taken in the transaction recurred to me. For the moment I had lost sight of it; but now, had my own existence depended on it, I could not have offered another word of a consolatory nature. I felt the tears trickling down my cheeks. "Had she died in our own hotel," said the Count, and he faltered as he spoke,— "had she died in her own bed, I could have borne the stroke." I could not look at him; his sobs reached my ear: I was unmanned. "Good God!" says I to myself, "and has all this misery resulted from me?" The Count had noticed my emotion, and seemed to read my thoughts. He

paused a moment from his grief, as if to recollect himself : his countenance suddenly became more placid ; he took my hand, and pressing it affectionately between his own, "My dear friend," says he, "her vindictive spirit brought about the catastrophe which we mourn. Her own unconquerable passions have hurried her to the scaffold." I was relieved considerably.—"Then you do not reproach me for the part I have borne against her?" says I. He looked on me for an instant with silent astonishment. "What have you done to merit reproach?" says he ; "she plunged you into danger, and in extricating yourself, you were compelled to implicate her. You acted as I should have done ; and how can I reproach you !" The answer was consolatory : The event seemed only to cement our friendship the more strongly, and we parted mutually gratified with each other.

From the moment I had left my native land, I had heard nothing from Maria ; and, although my tour had only embraced the limits of a few weeks, this lapse appeared like the tedious march of years. I would have given all I possessed to have received one single line, in return for the thousands I had written to her, only to have assured me that she was well. The letters from Sir Philip mentioned not her name : they informed me of the arrival of the Abbé de Barsilly and the interesting Juliet, but even the events which related to them were dull and uninteresting to me, for I was only solicitous to hear of Maria. "Why," says I to myself, "should I submit to a fate harder than even a banishment to Siberia ?

why should I remain in a country prolific only in blood ?" The wish to return to England had now taken full possession of my heart : I gave up to it ; and it became daily stronger and stronger. I hinted in my last letter to Sir Philip at the dangers which thickened round me in Paris ; and I only waited his reply to fix my wavering determination. At length it came, but it was unpropitious to my wishes.— " You ought not to return so soon," said Sir Philip ; " it is easy to quit Paris and travel in the provinces remote from the scene of blood which you describe. It would be unwise for you to visit England before your mind has been well impressed with the benefits of a continental education." The sentiment was unintelligible to me ; I neither admitted nor felt its force. " But," says I to myself, " how should Sir Philip know any better ? he never made the grand tour." His letter had rendered me pettish ; and I even hesitated whether I should not return in opposition to his desires.

And I have no doubt any young man situated as I was, would have felt precisely the same inclination, although he might not have expressed it so candidly as I have done ; I have no question to assert, that, when a father thus unexpectedly steps in between his son and his son's dearest wishes, the son, however dutiful and affectionate he may be, while under the galling pressure of the disappointment, will heartily wish his father at Jericho. I don't pretend to justify such a wish : I allow the full impropriety of it ; but it was consonant to my feelings at the moment ; and whatever imputation I may draw upon myself by the confession, I scorn to reveal it.

Notwithstanding all this hesitation on my part about surrendering my wishes to my father's, I verily believe I should have done so, and have made up my mind to remain in Paris longer, but, while I was still wavering between two resolutions, the intelligence of war having broken out with England put an end to all further irresolution. The English families began to take their departure in great numbers daily, passports were becoming more scarce ; and an Englishman scarcely ever went abroad without meeting with insult. I must freely confess that my sensations, on hearing this news, were not of a very melancholy complexion. " I can return now," says I to myself, " without subjecting my conduct to any unfilial imputations." I immediately commenced a very ingenious disputation within myself to prove the necessity of putting an abrupt conclusion to my tour. " Surely," says I, " my father cannot expect the French republic to suffer my continuance in Paris : and if he had wished me to remain longer abroad, he should have interfered with the British ministry to have induced them to submit to this famous denationalizing decree." " Aye," says I again, rising upon my toes and striking one hand emphatically on the other, " he should have interfered with the British ministry to be sure." I felt proud of the triumph which circumstances had afforded me. I felt happiness in the idea that I should soon retread the same insulated but happy spot which contained my Maria ; and, giving Crampwell an unusual shake by the hand as he announced to me the orders of the Directory for the immediate departure of the English, *I says, says I*, " I give 'em credit for the measure." Crampwell



stared incredulously ; I dare say, he looked upon me as wavering upon the verge of insanity ; and it was not altogether an unreasonable suspicion for a man who was ignorant of what passed in my mind. "Consider the distress, sir," says he, after a short pause. —"Consider the happiness," says I, interrupting him. "Of whom are you speaking, sir?" ejaculated Crampwell. "Of myself, to be sure," I retorted. In a moment all the symptoms of astonishment vanished from his countenance ; he seemed at once to enter into my ideas of the subject ; and, with a very significant smile, he rejoined, "I may apply then for passports, I suppose." I bowed assent ; it appeared to me the least troublesome way of giving an affirmative ; it was perfectly intelligible, and he withdrew.

Mr. Dutton and his family were not less anxious than myself to quit a spot which had been rendered odious to humanity by the outrages which had been committed in it. There were reasons which militated against our proceeding to England together, but as this amiable family did not think them sufficiently weighty to call for our separation, we determined to make but one party, which should include the Count de N——, whose safety, as well as his inclination, required it of him to banish himself from his country, which, like an unnatural mother, thirsted for the blood of her child. I had observed that this young nobleman had discovered a particular susceptibility to the charms of Emily, and as he had hitherto appeared to us in a most amiable light, I must say that I felt a considerable pleasure, frequently in painting, dimly

shown through the vista of futurity, the double union of the Count and Emily, and of Maria and myself, and the reciprocal pleasure which might one day be derived from the union of the two families. And how many a cheerless moment is indebted to imagination for the alleviation of its gloom ! how many a sinking spirit is buoyed above the billows of despair, by supporting itself on the uncertain promise of delights to come ! It is the extacy arising from the contemplation of these pictures of the mind which endues us with energy and strength to surmount the minor ills of existence ; and, like a beautifully executed and sunny distance in a landscape, draws off the eye from dwelling too minutely on the darker objects which lie the nearest.

Emily, however, seemed insensible to the attentions of the Count. I was pained to see it ; “but,” says I to myself, “time, aided by a due perseverance on his part, will ensure to him success.” Her happiness was dear to me ; and mine would have been increased to behold her united to one sensible of her virtues, and alive to those amiable qualifications which render the beauty of the female character the brightest gem which man can wear.

Our arrangements being all completed, we quitted Paris just at the peep of a fine autumnal morning. “Adieu,” says I, casting a look behind at the glittering towers of the city ; “thou hast sown thy revolution in blood ; and thou wilt soon reap a harvest of sorrow.” The Count de N——, as we passed the Place de Bourbon, dropped a tear when he saw the ruins of his paternal hotel.—“Time,” says he, “had rendered

it venerable—where is its majesty now?" Dutton wept. A residence of thirteen years in this gay metropolis had familiarized him with its customs, and he had hoped to have died there. He told us this, as we drove through the streets; "and there," says he, pointing to an ancient church which stood to the left, "I could have wished to sleep by the side of my departed Ellen." I was struck with the solemn appearance of the church yard; a solitary yew spread a gloomy shade over the corner nearest to us. "What church is this?" says I. "The church of St. Benedict," says the Count. The words had scarcely escaped from his lips, before I had stopped the postilion, and, without making any apology for my rudeness, had leaped from the carriage. It was but a step to the church-yard. I entered it with an awful sensation, and leaning against the yew for support, cast my eyes round the spot. The object of my search was not remote. I saw the flat stone. Some rude hand had obliterated the commencement of the inscription; but the name of "De Barsilly" remained entire. I bent my knee on the stone: It was the fulfilment of a sacred promise, and I was relieved by its performance.

I had remained some moments in complete abstraction from every object around me: my thoughts had taken wing, and paid a transitory visit to other worlds. "Rest in peace, mouldering relics of persecuted virtue," said I rising from the stone. A deep sigh responded to my apostrophe. I started. An old man bending beneath the weight of his years, and resting on a shovel, stood beside me. His appearance struck me with reverence; his hairs were silvered

over by the frost of time, and his forehead was deeply indented with melancholy. I guessed him to be the sexton. "My friend," says I, pointing to the stone, "is it beneath this that the family of the Abbé de Barsilly rest?" "The mother and two sons," replied the old man in tolerable English. "They were respected," says I. I saw the tear stand on his cheek, as he clasped his hands together, and looked up to heaven. It was an eloquent reply. "You knew them," I continued. "They sought an acquaintance with the needy, such as I am," was his answer. "Their virtues could not save them," said I. "Alas," he replied with an impressive energy in his manner which I still remember, "alas, had they been less virtuous, they might have been less unfortunate." "And how much a year would it require to keep this little space sacred?" says I, taking out my purse. "While I live, sir," returned he, "it shall be so : their bounty often cheered me, and their grave shall not want flowers." I had counted out twenty livres, as he began this reply. "It deserves ten more," says I to myself. I put thirty into his hand. I saw the tears flowing plentifully down his cheeks ; they were drops of gratitude from his heart ; and I could have beggared myself, at that moment, to have made his future days happy. While the pause continued however, the postilion advanced to me, and reminded me that I had kept the vehicle waiting a quarter of an hour in the public streets. "Is it possible," says I ; and without waiting for a reply, I squeezed the hand of the sexton ; he bowed to the earth ; and, as I entered the carriage, I saw him holding up his hands as if to give me a parting benediction.

And for ought that I can see to the contrary, the blessing of such a sexton as that of St. Benedict is to the full as valuable and consoling as the blessings of all the priests in the calendar, not excepting even St. Benedict himself. I am far from intending any disrespect to the saints ; but I have often considered that the intrinsic value of a blessing depends more upon the unsophisticated fervor of the heart which gives existence to it, than it possibly can upon the rank which any deified priest possesses. Be this as it may, however, (for it is a question which I will very readily leave to theologians to decide,) the warmth which the old man's blessing imparted to my heart has not yet left it, nor is it likely to grow chill until the heart itself shall cease to vibrate.

When we reached Amiens, we found the town so crowded by English and emigrants, that it was with the utmost difficulty we could procure accommodations : which we did, at length, after bribing most exorbitantly the master of one of the principal hotels. Whether what followed was intended by Heaven to punish him for his cupidity or not, I shall not presume to say ; but it had nearly proved of fatal consequences to many—although to me—but let me proceed in regular order.

About an hour after midnight, we were alarmed by repeated cries that the hotel was in flames. I threw on my clothes, and, rushing out of my apartment, witnessed a scene of confusion, which it would be utterly in vain to attempt to describe. The fire had completely seized on the lower rooms, and but one avenue of escape presented itself, by means of a window which

looked into the street. The window was crowded to excess by the unfortunate inmates, who rushed precipitately to avail themselves of the only chance of safety. Every moment aggravated the danger, and the confused efforts of the lodgers tended to perplex rather than relieve them. There were still a dozen cramping each other, when suddenly a beam behind us gave way with a most tremendous crash. Urged beyond reason, by the fear of instant death, I instantly made a violent effort, and, putting aside those who stood betwixt me and my only hope of safety, I sprang from the window into the street, without sustaining any injury. In a few minutes the residue of the lodgers followed, and Crampwell and Bertrand stood by my side. All, however, was not yet safe ; Emily Dutton was still absent ; and the Count de N——, raising a ladder against the burning pile, ascended with an activity and courage which were not to be excelled. It was to the window of the apartment in which Emily had slept, that he directed his efforts ; and in a few moments after he had been seen combating with the flames, he re-appeared, bearing Emily in his arms. At this critical moment, another female figure appeared at an adjoining window, in an imploring attitude.—“ God of Heaven !” cried I audibly, “ is it possible ? or do my eyes deceive me ?” I had removed the ladder : a murmur broke from the throng, every one opposed the absurdity of the deed : I was not to be put from my purpose, but ascended, and with a sudden spring leaped into the apartment, where, in a moment, I found Maria, my own Maria, clasped to my bosom.

The conflict of emotions in my breast was now too violent to be endured. For a few moments, I was incapable of exertion. I heard the loud groan of the multitude as their fears for my safety gained ground ; but it is probable I might have remained here and met death with Maria, had not her voice suddenly roused me from my nerveless stupidity.—“ Oh ! Henry, will you not save your Maria ?” said she. The sound was electric, and again I sprang to the window : the ladder remained there, but the flames raged round us with redoubled fierceness : a loud shout hailed my re-appearance. I made a determined effort, and dashing through the fire with my angelic burden, I bore her safely to the earth, at the very instant that the roof gave way.

Private houses were thrown open for the reception of the sufferers ; and to one of these I bore my Maria. I was agonized by a thousand hopes and fears : the fire had lost its influence in my mind : my whole soul was occupied in endeavouring to account for the extraordinary appearance of Maria in France ; and such was the power of my curiosity, that I, for an instant, forgot all other considerations, and I began eagerly to enquire into the cause, when I perceived my Maria’s forehead bleeding, and that she had fainted in my arms. I was directly as free from curiosity, as the most incurious philosopher in the world. Thus it is that one tyrant thought devours another.

Maria’s hurt was trifling : it was merely a slight contusion, and when the blood had been stopped, no farther injury was apprehended. My anxiety to learn the events which had led to this meeting, returned with

double force ; and Maria appeared equally eager to satisfy me. Her recital was not long, but it was full of interest ; every trivial circumstance, with which she was connected, lost its trifling nature ; and important occurrences wore a complexion of still higher importance. Every pulse of my soul throbbed violently.

One or two only of my letters had reached the cottage ; the rest had evidently been intercepted by Sir Philip : and Mrs. Radcliffe, whose health had long been in a declining state, affected by my apparent negligence of her, languished a short time, and gradually sank into the grave. “ And was my Maria so soon left without a friend ? ” says I, interrupting her narrative : the tears ran down my cheeks ; and Maria responded only in the silent but impressive language of grief. Her head reclined on my shoulder, and, as I pressed her to my bosom, she appeared to me more valuable than at any former period. How comparatively trifling appeared the world to me, except that part of it which I grasped in my arms, for that was all to me ! After a short pause, she resumed her tale.—On the death of Mrs. Radcliffe, Maria communicated the event to Sir Philip, with her determination to quit the cottage. In the neighbourhood lived Lady Conolly ; she was a widow, and had frequently been pleased with the beauty and virtue which dwelt so near her. On the death of Mrs. Radcliffe, she had visited Maria, consoled her, advised her, and invited her to her house.—Maria availed herself of the invitation ; and, after paying the last tribute of affection to her aunt, she entirely took up her



residence in Conolly Hall ; where she was treated as a sister, or a beloved friend.

It was as much with a view to wean the heart of Maria from the sorrow which oppressed it, as to gratify herself, that Lady Conolly projected her journey to France ; and it was immediately carried into execution. They had reached Amiens, when the intelligence of the commencement of war, and the measures which had been in consequence adopted by the republic, caused them to suspend the progress of their journey, and to prepare for a return. It was at this critical juncture that we met, under circumstances of such an extraordinary nature.

" And is it possible," says I, after a moment's hesitation, " that Sir Philip could so basely act towards his son ?" My indignation could scarcely contain itself : " and what could my Maria think of such neglect ?" I continued, pressing her hand to my lips. " I thought," she replied, smiling through the tear-drops which still stood in her eyes—" I thought that your discretion had triumphed over your affection ; and that your father's inclinations had changed your own." I read in her countenance that she had been agreeably deceived. I could not avoid taking advantage of her favorable disposition,—“ And did you wish that such a change had taken place ?” I asked. A slight carmine tinged her cheek ; it was nature's confession, which will betray itself when the tongue is silent. Maria, however, was not silent.—“ It was my duty to wish it,” says she, “ after what had passed between Sir Philip and me.” I was staggered : the fatal oath occurred to my mind.

ry, from which the joy of our meeting had completely obliterated it. "Good God!" says I, in a voice of agony, "can Maria for a moment doubt my power to dissolve that accursed oath?" She shook her head; a mournful expression took possession of her countenance, and she sighed deeply. I was distressed by the evident incredulousness of her manner. "I will remove the interdict, or perish!" I added, with such a stern emphasis of tone, that Maria looked alarmed. I saw her uneasiness, and, clasping her to my bosom, endeavoured to reassure her with the hope that we should soon be united; she gradually became less sorrowful; and I gave a loose to transports, which till now had been unknown to me.

Lady Conolly, who had escaped at the commencement of the fire, as soon as she had satisfied her anxiety respecting the fate of Maria, expressed her determination to join our party. Her ladyship's behaviour to Maria had entirely prepossessed me in her favor: I was prepared to esteem her before I discovered the amiable qualities of her mind; but my esteem increased to an ardent admiration, as these qualities gradually developed themselves. My affection for Maria was too evident to escape her notice; she saw that it was reciprocal; and, free from that littleness of mind which gives existence to mean passions, she rejoiced at the prospect of Maria's happiness. We had not been many minutes together, before I learned that her ladyship was an old friend of Sir Philip's; and auguring well from this discovery before we left Amiens, I had opened my heart to her on the subject of Maria's oath,

and she had readily promised to accompany me to London, and to procure the absolution of Maria from her vow. "I have no children," says this worthy lady, "and my property shall be added to her virtues; they would be, unitedly, a dowry for a prince." I could only reply by pressing her hand gratefully to my lips; my heart was too full for utterance. I could only say to myself—"Were all ladies of quality to follow the example of Lady Conolly, and, instead of persecuting the unfortunate, and calumniating the unprotected, to seek the promotion of their fellow-creatures' happiness, how different would be the general opinion as to the worth of wealth and the value of nobility !

The roads were so completely blocked up by travellers from Paris to the coast, and, consequently, carriages were so difficult to be procured, that Maria and myself were compelled to take up with a cabriolet. I had introduced my Maria to my friends, and the arrangement which afforded us this enviable *tête-à-tête* was planned by Lady Conolly.—Maria made some slight objections to it : she still remembered her vow ; and, notwithstanding Lady Conolly had lessened her fears respecting its continuance, she still was under the influence of an apprehension lest it might not be dispensed with. Her opposition, however, was but of short duration, and we were soon seated side by side on the road to Calais.

We had scarcely quitted the town before we were met by a party of young men, under an escort of soldiers ; they were a part of the conscription, and had been ballotted for service in the armies. Several inte-

resting young females followed them, wringing their hands, and giving way to extreme grief. I stopped the cabriolet to learn the cause of their anguish. "Sir," says one of them in French, "to-morrow would have been our wedding-day; every thing was prepared, when suddenly, my Jean was chosen to go to the armies; and our prospects are forever destroyed." She would have said more, but was unable; the violence of her emotions checked farther expression. I would have served her; "but how can I be of service?" says I. "Alas!" replied one of the men, "they demand fifty livres for his release." "Is that all?" I added, pulling out my purse, and counting the sum demanded. The happy female was instantly at the door of the cabriolet; she took the money without speaking, pressed my hand to her lips, rushed to the commander of the escort, and in a few moments returned with her rescued lover, to thank me for her restoration to happiness. I shook hands with them, bade them welcome, and drove on.

I turned to my Maria: the tears were chasing each other down her cheeks; but they were the drops of pleasure. I strained her to my bosom, as I kissed them off. "My Maria!" says I. Her head fell on my shoulder, as she faintly responded, "My Henry!" The words were music to my heart: it was the first time she had called me her's; and the tenderness of the expression was above all purchase: it cost me but fifty livres. "And when I shall strain thee to my bosom for ever," says I, "my happiness will be as perfect as that of the young Frenchman." A deep sigh burst from her bosom. "But I have sworn!" says

she. "An oath, exacted by violence, and yielded by fear," says I, is not binding in the sight of Heaven, and ought not to be observed." I was hardly conscious of the tenor of the expression; I knew not my own drift. "O Henry!" returned Maria, "urge me not to break my oath!"

I felt the violent palpitation of her heart under my hand. "But how can I live to see you another's?" says I, straining her to my bosom more closely. "I will never be another's!" she returned, in a voice scarcely articulate. I was convinced it was the voice of truth; and I respired more freely. "And may the God of Truth shun me," says I, "when I pay to another the vows I have paid to thee!" A beam of pleasure glistened in her eyes; I saw duty and affection struggling for the mastery; was it strange that love should triumph? The vows which we reciprocated during this journey were registered in Heaven; they cemented our hearts in an indissoluble unity; and while memory retains its functions, it will to the last delight to dwell on the scene which occurred between Amiens and Calais.

The sterner preachers of morality will perhaps feel inclined to cast a censure on the prudence both of Maria and myself, as they peruse the account of this journey. In God's name, let them carp and cavil to their soul's content! their petty malignity has no point for me; and if every one were to be biassed by their opinions in his quest after happiness, the portion of felicity which is allowed to man would be much more diminutive than it is at present; and there is but little

room for reduction, if we hope for any at all. Those who set to work with clear consciences, and endeavour to promote their own pleasures without detracting from the enjoyments of others, may shut their ears against the slanderer, and will probably, by and by, find themselves just as heavy in the scales of right and wrong, as those who threw a stigma upon their actions.

We were detained at Calais three days before we could get a packet ; and it was during this interval that I perceived with sincere pleasure the progress the Count de N—— had made in his suit with the amiable Emily. Indeed his intrepid conduct at the fire at Amiens, to a heart susceptible as that of Emily's, must have served him essentially : she evidently listened to him with greater attention than heretofore, walked with him daily on the beach, and in his presence continually endeavoured to shake off the pensive sadness which would frequently overshadow her lovely countenance. The Count was assiduous in his attentions ; he hung upon her words, and watched every expression of her eyes with a lover's ardour, and never suffered an opportunity to slip unimproved of giving evidence of the strength and sincerity of his attachment.

On the fourth morning we embarked on board a packet, which sailed immediately with a fair wind. The receding shores of France excited very different sensations in my bosom, to those I had experienced when last I crossed the ocean. I was now returning to hope and joy, to my native land, and the scene, as I anticipated, of my future happiness. "The united efforts of Lady Russell and Lady Conolly," says I to myself,

"cannot fail to win over Sir Philip to my wishes ; and in the enjoyment of my Maria, I shall taste the purest delight."

The white cliffs of Albion brightened on our view. Maria's eyes glistened with pleasure as I pointed out the seat of our reciprocal hopes : I was about to have said, the seat of all who were dear to us ; but Maria was an orphan ; the relentless hand of death had robbed her of those whom nature had endeared to her : for her there was no smiling countenance of expecting friendship, no expanded arms to welcome her return. Yet, though the retrospect was gloomy, and the present unilluminated, hope threw a cheerful tinge over the future, and showed, through the vista of time, a landscape teeming with fruits and flowers.

About noon we entered the harbour of Dover ; the beach was crowded with strangers. A boat conveyed us to the shore. I had just assisted Lady Conolly to land, and had given my hand to Maria, when a well-known voice near me caused me to turn suddenly round—it was Sir Philip. The unexpected rencontre startled me, but alarmed me not. I turned round to whisper in Lady Conolly's ear ; but at the same moment I saw her in close conversation with my father. I pointed them out to Maria : she trembled at the idea of meeting with one who had so unjustly depreciated her ; but I reassured her, and advanced to Sir Philip.

It appears from the information I have subsequently obtained, that no sooner did Sir Philip hear of Maria's intention to quit the cottage in which she had resided with her aunt, than he resolved to place a spy upon her

actions ; and from this person he had obtained the information of her entrance into the family of Lady Connolly, and of her journey to France. A man of more sagacity than Sir Philip, by this movement might have been deceived into an opinion, that Maria's object was to effect a meeting with me ; and this idea had no sooner taken possession of Sir Philip's mind, than he became furious with passion : and formed and reformed a thousand plans in the course of a few hours, until the fumes which clouded his imagination and judgment had found leisure in some degree to evaporate. The first determination of his cooler moments was to write to Crampwell, and to rely on his fidelity for the guardianship (as he was pleased to term it) of his family honour. This letter was immediately despatched, but, whether it was owing to the new measures of the Directory, or the confused system which predominated at Paris, it never came to hand. Wearied, at length, with waiting for Crampwell's reply, Sir Philip determined to set off himself, and to put a decisive termination to any hopes which Maria and myself might give way to ; but at this moment the news of the commencement of the war reached him. " He must come home now," says Sir Philip : and a letter which he received, in a few days afterwards, informed him of the route by which I meant to return. He took his measures accordingly, and had been in Dover four days, watching every packet which entered the port, when I arrived.

I paused a few moments, at the distance of a dozen paces from Sir Philip, to summon up my courage : I found I had as much need of it, as though I had com-



mitted some heinous crime. "He will not surely treat my Maria with harshness," says I to myself as I again moved forwards. I fixed my eyes on his countenance, as I extended my hand towards him. There was no kind of flexibility in it ; it was precisely such as I had seen it before, when the same idea possessed his mind, as I was convinced possessed it at this moment. My heart sank within me : I felt assured that Lady Conolly's intercession had failed in its effects ; and I could scarcely preserve any tolerable steadiness in my extended hand. Sir Philip took it ; he found it tremble within his own ; he was about to speak sternly, but this circumstance disarmed him. He shook my hand with more feeling than I had expected, and contented himself with exclaiming,—“ This is not well done, Henry.” At the same instant he took Maria's hand, and added,—“ You have found a friend in Lady Conolly.”

If Sir Philip had spoken more angrily, and had taken no notice of Maria, I felt that I could have made up my mind to show an equal sternness or coldness of manner : but he was so moderate in his displeasure, that my mind was one perfect chaos. “ Why the devil didn't he call me an undutiful rascal ?” says I to myself ; “ why didn't he threaten to disinherit me ?” I cast an affectionate look at Maria : her eyes were cast down to the ground. Lady Conolly advanced to her, and whispered in her ear ; Maria squeezed my hand ; I heard a faint farewell hang on her tongue. Her ladyship, in a low voice, bade me hope still ; and, in a few moments, Maria had quitted me. I would

have followed her to the end of the world. I made a movement to pursue : she looked back, and beckoned me to desist ; there was something in her glance which did not destroy hope ; I determined to obey her : but my eyes pursued her, until Sir Philip, taking me by the arm, drew me gently from the beach to the inn, where his carriage had been prepared by Bertrand for our departure.

We had travelled upwards of a mile without exchanging a single word. I was too completely occupied in attempting to fathom the mystery which involved the departure of Maria ; but the more I endeavoured, the farther did I appear to wander from the point. All was darkness and perplexity. " But Lady Conolly bade me hope," says I to myself, " and Maria's looks did not discourage hope : and I will hope, and I shall ultimately triumph over opposition." While this soliloquy was going forward in my mind, I did not sit very quietly on my seat, as I supposed ; for I had scarcely reached the end of it, when Sir Philip called me to myself by exclaiming—" What's the matter with you, Henry ? Can't you sit still ?"

If he had opened the conversation in any other kind of way, I might have known how to answer him ; but, for my soul, I could not just then think of any reply ; and, therefore, after attempting two or three times to articulate an intelligible sound, I was fain to give it up, and to lean back in the corner of the carriage. I had not much time to meditate : Sir Philip had broken the ice ; and in a few minutes he recommenced.—" Pray, Henry, how came you to meet with this girl ?"—I summoned up my courage,

and told him precisely the truth. "It was very strange," says he, "that you should meet in France."—"Yes, sir," says I, "it certainly was very strange." "A person," he continued, "whom of all others you were endeavouring to avoid."—"That's a mistake," says I to myself; but I made no audible reply. He went on—"I declare I can hardly think it accidental."—"I dare say not, sir," says I.—"And are you quite sure it was so, Henry?"—"I would scorn to tell you an untruth, sir," says I. "Humph!" says he, and we both leaned back in the carriage.

We travelled about two miles farther, during all which time I was endeavouring to bring my mind to a proper frame, for the work I had intended for it. Says I to myself, "We shall get to London at this rate, and I shall be just as wise respecting Sir Philip's intentions, as I was before I set out." This idea determined me to revive the subject; but as he had taken out a book, and was reading in it very composedly, I was obliged to wait for a favorable opportunity, before I could venture to make a beginning.

My patience was entirely exhausted, and I began once more to be very restless in my seat. He saw that something agitated me, and, whether it was to allow me to give it vent or not, I cannot say, but he laid down his book. I was just in a proper state of mind.—"Pray, sir," says I, in a very respectful tone of voice, "did Lady Conolly communicate to you her views respecting Maria?"—"Yes, sir," says he, with a coolness of manner which alarmed me not a little; "the girl is fortunate in finding such a friend." I waited for some time, as much to recover myself from the discomposure into which this unfavourable

answer had thrown me, as to give him time to add any thing he might think proper to his reply. He continued silent, however ; and, after a pause, I resumed, " The fortune which she will derive from her ladyship, will render her a desirable match for the first of our nobility."—" She is of no family," returned Sir Philip, " and no one will marry an unknown orphan."—" She is of the scanty family of the virtuous, sir," says I, " and is a gem above all value." Sir Philip knitted his brows, and looking at me with a sneering countenance, replied,—“ And I suppose you would barter your family honour to obtain in return this obscure girl.” “ I should consider that I upheld the honour of my family by such an alliance,” says I, with as much ~~firmness~~ as I could command. “ Your sentiments are still those of a boy,” answered Sir Philip, very composedly. “ And,” I returned, “ if it is a proof of manliness to despise virtue unless it is connected with rank, may I never be considered otherwise than a boy.” My father made me no answer ; he seemed to meditate on something : I fancied his countenance had relaxed its anger ; and I determined to profit by the apparent alteration.—“ My dear father,” says I, taking his hand, “ you would not render your Henry wretched. My heart is Maria’s ; do not urge me to give my hand to another.”—" I have vowed never to consent to this degrading union,” returned Sir Philip ; “ therefore tease me no more on this subject.” His voice was so full of sternness, that I could make no reply : indignation and grief occupied my bosom ; I made an effort to speak, but a sigh only escaped from me.

The residue of our journey was unusually tedious : my mind was altogether unstrung ; my spirits were depressed : my ideas were in a state of confusion : I saw nothing desirable in life which was within my grasp ; for, whenever the false hope of obtaining Maria floated across my fancy, the recollection of her oath followed closely upon it, and clouded the transient ray. At various periods of the journey, Sir Philip commenced a conversation ; but my answers were either simple monosyllables, or so ill adapted to the subject, that he was always obliged to leave off. When we stopped for refreshment, he vainly pressed me to partake of food : I was sufficiently filled with gloomy horrors ; and, ~~indeed~~, was in the most disobliging humour imaginable. Had the viands been poisoned, it is ten to one that I had been more complaisant, and had eaten even to a surfeit.

When Sir Philip saw that I obstinately persevered in this behaviour, he grew out of humour also, and preserved a most rigid taciturnity ; so that, for the last sixty miles of the journey, not six words had passed between us, while on the road ; and I have very little doubt, from the trifling knowledge I have obtained of mankind, that if a word from either of us would have reconciled the jarring interests of England and France, we had neither of us sufficient patriotism nor good humour in our dispositions, during all that time, to have uttered it.

The crowded streets of the metropolis seemed only to increase my disorder : I felt no delight in visiting my native land, for my heart was unsusceptible of pleasure ; gloom and sorrow were alone congenial to

it. I sought Lady Russel ; she received me affectionately, and to her I unburdened all my griefs. She remembered her promise, and undertook to intercede for me with Sir Philip. " If he refuses to give his consent," says I, " I will renounce my family and the world for ever." It was an ungrateful expression ; and I felt the impropriety of it, as soon as I had uttered it. Lady Russel had also noticed it ; I saw that she was hurt by my unkindness, and, taking her hand, I pressed it to my lips, and rejoined,—“ And yet where can I expect to meet with the affectionate sympathy you have displayed towards me ?” The addition made my peace ; the tear which had started into her eye, disappeared with a smile, which might have irradiated a more cheering bosom than mine was in the midst of my trouble, she gave me hope of ultimate success.

For several days after my arrival in town, I remained in a state of incertitude : Sir Philip was either out, or occupied so closely at home, that Lady Russel could find no opportunity to introduce the subject of my wishes. During this interval, I was engaged in the formation of plans to discover the residence of Maria, and to convey to her some intelligence of my state of mind. I resolved at length to address a letter to Conolly Hall : it was most probable that she was there ; and, if not, the packet would be forwarded to her. I intreated her to consider my distress of mind ; not to suffer an obstinate adherence to a rash oath to destroy our mutual happiness, but to permit me to fly to her, and to make her mine. When this letter was gone, I felt happier, for I in-

dulged a secret hope that her reply would prove favourable to my wishes, and that I might thus have the means of felicity placed within my grasp. The mind which is floating in the black stream of despair catches greedily at every slight hope which appears within its reach, and retains its hold upon it to the last, as the drowning wretch vainly seizes on the weak bulrush, and firmly grasps it even in death.

Lady Russel's interference was in vain : Sir Philip remained inexorable : his ideas of family pride overcame every other consideration, and to these he seemed determined to sacrifice, if necessary, the happiness and even the existence of his son. " Had her family been noble," he, " I would not have required fortune ; I never consent that my son shall marry of completely beneath him."

The Abbé de Barsilly and his daughter resided near us : I had called on them once ; they seemed resigned to their fate, and grateful to the country that sheltered them. Juliet, however, appeared to be the victim of consumption ; ever pining, ever sad ; even her smiles were tinged with anguish, and her hopes seemed to soar beyond the limits of the world. She loved to dwell on the fate of her family ; it was a theme of sorrow, and therefore adapted to her state of mind. I contemplated her as a flower about to be transplanted to a more genial soil. When I informed her and her father of my visit to the church-yard of St. Benedict, she seemed to hang upon my words with an emotion such as I had never before witnessed. " You were kind," she would say, " to provide flowers for their grave. We cannot reward you."

The Abbé thanked me with his tears : a squeeze of my hand spoke unutterable things.

I introduced to him the family of the Duttons, and the Count de N——. They were no strangers to his virtues and his sufferings ; and the acquaintance promised to be productive of mutual happiness. I saw all happy around me, but no glimpse appeared for me ; even Juliet's melancholy was enviable ; I almost wished to outstrip her in the race of life.

I was one evening sitting in my room, giving way to gloom, when a loud knocking at the door aroused me from my abstraction : it was late, and visits at this hour were very unusual. I felt agitated, I knew not why : in a moment, the knocking was repeated ; an unusual bustle in the hall succeeded ; but, before I could quit my apartment to ascertain the cause of the confusion, Bertrand rushed in, with terror in his countenance. He could only exclaim—“ Oh ! sir, Sir Philip is brought home killed !” before I was down stairs and in the parlour, to which the servants had carried him. His horse had thrown him in the streets.

He was lying on a sofa, pale and bleeding from a severe wound on the head : I took his hand, and kneeling by his side, inquired if he felt himself seriously injured. He attempted to speak, but was bereft of the power : but a mournful shake of his head intimated too plainly what he thought of his wound. In a few moments a surgeon arrived, who dressed the contusion, and gave it as his opinion, that its consequences would be fatal. I assisted to carry him to bed, and watched by him through the night : I con-



sidered it as a sacred duty ; and yet, in the intervals of his broken rest, my thoughts involuntarily would wander to Maria.

An unrefreshing night added to the virulence of the disorder, and when the morning dawned, Sir Philip's situation was such as to preclude all hopes of his surviving through the day. He had recovered his speech, and, on being informed of the danger of his state, he desired Lady Russel to be sent for. Several times he seemed inclined to speak to me ; he took my hand repeatedly ; something of importance seemed to hold possession of his mind, which he could not summon power or resolution to utter. I imagined he wished to speak of Maria, but I dared not anticipate the purport of his communication. " Should he exact an oath similar to that which he extorted from Maria !" says I to myself. The idea was agonizing ; " but come what will," I continued, " I will never enter into a vow in which my heart does not participate. Heaven would not register it ; it would be of no force in the eyes of God or man, and why should I sport with an oath ?"

My apprehensions on this account, however, appeared to be wholly without foundation. The noon of the day came, and Lady Russel entered the apartment ; she had been absent on a visit, and was just returned. As she contemplated the altered complexion of Sir Philip, and meditated on his danger, her agitation became so violent, that I was about to support her out of the apartment, when Sir Philip motioned us to remain. Her ladyship soon recovered in some degree, and having resumed tolerable com-

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posure, approached with me to the bedside. It was evident that Sir Philip had but a few hours, perhaps a few minutes, to live. He breathed with uncommon difficulty—his eyes appeared to be fixed—a deathly paleness had seized on his complexion—and his extremities were rapidly growing cold. I took hold of one hand, and Lady Russel of the other ; he made several efforts to speak intelligibly, but the exertion was altogether ineffectual : the powers of life seemed to be seized with a sudden numbness. He looked very wistfully on me for some time, and at length with extreme difficulty, ejaculated—" Henry, you are not my son ! those papers—be happy with Maria !" —He pointed to a small cabinet on the table : his hand fell from my nerveless grasp ; he smiled faintly upon us both, raised his eyes upwards, and, with a groan, expired.

I was so overpowered by the strange nature of the communication, and by the suddenness of this awful event, that I stood for an instant bereft of my senses, until the screams of Lady Russel recalled me to myself, in time to catch her in my arms. " Gracious God !" says I to myself, " is it possible that these wonders have occurred within the lapse of a few hours !" I was unable to endure such a complication of strange circumstances ; I felt my limbs tremble under me ; at that moment some servants, drawn by her ladyship's outcries, rushed into the room, and relieved me of my burden : I sank into a chair.

When I recovered, I was in my own apartment, on my bed, and Crampwell and Bertrand by my side. When I had once more assured myself that I had

not been under the influence of a delusion, I sent instantly for the Abbé de Barsilly, and related to him the catastrophe which had proved so fatal to Sir Philip, and the mysterious circumstance which had been communicated to me. He was almost as much palsied with wonder as I had previously been ; but he soon recovered himself from the stupor of surprise ; and, after receiving my directions where to find it, he left me to obtain and bring the cabinet.

My mind was now racked by a contrariety of emotions ;—grief, in consequence of the melancholy fate of a supposed father ; whom with all his faults I dearly loved—astonishment at the mystery which involved my own fate—and a glimmer of joy, peeping like the sun from behind a body of clouds, on account of the release of Maria from her oath. “ If I am not the son of Sir Philip,” says I, “ to whom can I belong ?” The uncertainty which dwelt on the circumstance was uncommonly depressing. At this moment the Abbé de Barsilly re-entered my apartment, having the cabinet in his arms. “ This will explain the secret,” says I, eagerly snatching the depository from his grasp.

There was no great difficulty in forcing the lock : a number of papers were folded ; amongst them was a packet carefully sealed. “ This is what we seek for,” says I, breaking the seals : the Abbé drew near to listen : it was merely the will of Sir Philip. “ Pshaw !” says I re-folding it, without perusing a tittle of its contents. The other documents afforded no illustration of the subject which so powerfully agitated my mind.—“ Good Gpd !” says I, hiding my face within my hands, to conceal my emotions,

"must the secret of my birth remain for ever closed in darkness?"—"Lady Russel must know something of it," says the Abbé. The idea was welcome to me, as water to a feverish throat. I hastily arose from my seat, to make the interesting inquiry : my coat caught the lock of the cabinet, and threw it on the floor ; a secret drawer instantly flew open, and another packet, of smaller compass than the first, fell at my feet. A beam of extasy shot across my soul.

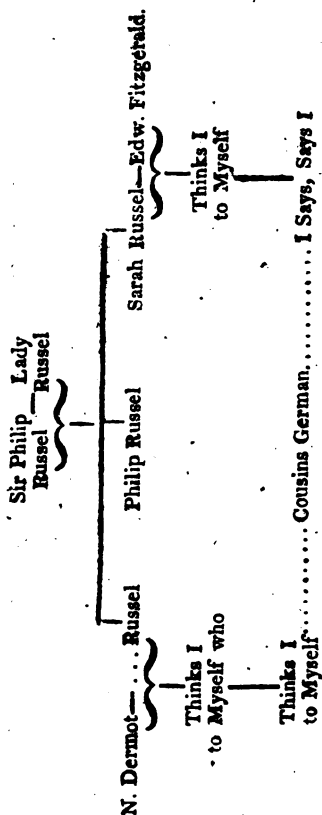
The documents contained a narrative, and a genealogical chart. I threw aside the letter ; and breaking open the narrative, read as follows :

"My dear Henry, when this falls into your hands, I shall be no more, and the obligation will be dissolved which has through life restrained me from communicating to you the secret of your birth. You are not my son. I had a sister, named Sarah ; she was young and beautiful when she became acquainted with James Fitzgerald, who was the youngest son of a respectable family, and bore a commission in the guards. They cherished a mutual passion, but reasons of a prudential nature prevented them from revealing it. He was ordered on foreign service ; but prior to his departure he prevailed on Sarah to consent to a private marriage, and, three days afterwards, it took place in my presence, to whom alone my sister had imparted her intentions. In a few days, Fitzgerald sailed, leaving Sarah in a situation which before the lapse of many months, promised to betray her secret. We concerted measures for concealment, however, and as my marriage took place within a short time after Sarah's, I prevailed upon

her to pay us a long visit, in order the more effectually to deceive those who would have been pained by the discovery. Here it was that you were born prematurely, in consequence of the receipt of the melancholy information of your father's death, which produced such a violent effect upon your mother, as to bring on an immature labour. The stroke was fatal ; she found that her end was approaching ; and, as she wished that the secret of her marriage might not be revealed, she called Lady Russel and myself to her bed-side, and extorted from us both a solemn promise to consider and educate you as our own, and never to entrust you with the secret, until her name was forgotten. Inclosed in this narrative, is the certificate of your mother's marriage, and of your baptism ; so that your mind may rest perfectly at ease as to the truth of this statement in every particular. I have fulfilled the sacred trust reposed in me by a beloved sister, and, at my death, you will find yourself possessed of that portion of my paternal fortune which would have devolved to your mother, had she lived, as well as of the bulk of my property. I have written this narrative during your absence in France ; if, when it falls into your hands, you should still retain your affection for Maria Parker, she is absolved from her vow, and may you be happy in each other ! I have never been able to reconcile myself to my obstinate opposition to your wishes in this respect."

Such were the contents of this interesting paper. The Abbé perceived the impression which the perusal had made upon me, and considering my grief sacred, he left the room. "O my unfortunate mother !" says I to myself, " hadst thou lived, I might have

been the comfort of thy youth, and the staff of thy old age. My hand might have rendered easy the pillow of thy illness, and have extracted the thorn from death. And thou, my father—but thou hast died the death of the illustrious, and every tear of sorrow shed for thee would be a sacrilege on my country." A flood of tears relieved me ; and when the Abbé re-entered, I had reasoned myself into a tolerable degree of composure. The genealogical chart was still lying on the floor. I took it up, and, as some of my readers may possibly feel more interested in these matters than I am, I have subjoined a sketch of it for their satisfaction, brought down to this present time.



Lady Russel sincerely loved Sir Philip; and his fate seemed to have struck an arrow into her heart. She was seized by a violent fever, and on the second day after his death, her case was considered highly critical. She had ever conducted herself kindly to me, but towards the later periods of my life, her af-

fection had been truly that of a mother; and was I, because circumstances had proved that I was not so closely allied to her as I had imagined, was I, on this account, to forget that I owed to her the love and the duty of a son? I watched by her side; she would not suffer any other hand to administer her medicines; she was uneasy in my absence, and my presence seemed to impart happiness to her.

Before the period fixed on for the funeral of Sir Philip, I received a letter from Lady Conolly, in which Maria had also written a few lines. Had I been differently situated, this letter would have added to my afflictions. It contained a resolution on the part of Maria to abide strictly by her oath, notwithstanding the pangs which, she candidly confessed, the exertion of it would excite in her bosom—"For oh! Henry," says she, "to pretend an indifference towards you, would be acting with a duplicity which belongs not to my character. While life continues, your image will be dear to me; but it is your image alone which I can indulge myself in beholding, unless Sir Philip should at any time be prevailed on to give his consent, a hope which I cannot venture to cherish, after his firm refusal to Lady Conolly. Let us therefore abstain from any farther correspondence, which can only lead to farther unhappiness. Be assured I shall never give my hand to another; my heart is too firmly attached to be rendered convertible; you only can possess it, and its last palpitation shall throb for you."

Lady Conolly's letter confirmed the determination of Maria, and attempted to breathe consolation to my soul. "I know," says she, "my dear friend, that



your feelings must be intense, but an oath ought to be held sacred, unless it is dissolved. Live still in hope of future happiness; the time may come when your wishes may be gratified. Be assured of Maria's constancy, and wait patiently until the mysteries of futurity are laid open. When you wish to hear of Maria, write to me. I will inform you of every particular respecting her, and we shall ever be, as now, anxious to hear of you above all other individuals."

I could not refrain from immediately replying to these letters. I inclosed in the packet the narrative which dissolved the vow of Maria, and entreated of Lady Conolly to come with her immediately to London. "Had I been differently situated," says I, "when your ladyship's letter had arrived; had Sir Philip been still living, and the vow remained unab-solved, you must not have supposed that I should have so philosophically submitted to your decision. My love is not of that cool description, which, by the aid of a little reasoning, may be tempered down into indifference. Without Maria, life would be a burthen; and every man who finds himself groaning under an odious load, will take the first opportunity to extricate himself from it. But, fortunately, the obstacles to my happiness are removed; life is a cup of sweets: I have as yet tasted only the bitters, and with all the eagerness of a drunkard, I long to drain its pleasure to the bottom."

The letter was despatched; and, on the morrow, the remains of Sir Philip were deposited in the vault of his ancestors. I entered the apartment of the dead, and felt a sacred veneration, as I stood amidst the mouldering relics of my fathers. But I had en-

tered to discover the coffin of my mother; it was in a remote corner: the inscription was perfect. I felt an unconquerable desire to view its contents, and slowly raising the lid, I beheld the form still perfect; but, as the air rushed into it, it began to moulder. I hastily re-closed it: and bending my knees over the unconscious author of my existence, I poured out a secret prayer that her spirit might hover round, and bless her son. I know not how long I might have continued in this posture, had not the Abbé entered the vault, and drawn me away.

Lady Russel had not been acquainted with the time of Sir Philip's interment. I had fears that any communication on this subject would shake her frame to dissolution. But when I had fulfilled the last duties to his remains, I returned to watch by the side of my second mother. Her disorder had shown symptoms of a more favorable nature than at any former stage, and the physicians began to entertain stronger hopes that care and perseverance in the course hitherto pursued, might ultimately lead to her recovery. Their opinion was confirmed by the rapid progress which the three following days produced, at the termination of which she desired that Sir Philip's will might be examined.

The result was satisfactory to all. Lady Russel received two thousand a year for her life, and the house in London: while the beautiful domain of Hendon, with a fortune of four thousand pounds per annum, fell to my lot. This spot possessed attractions for me which were exclusively its own—it was the scene of my juvenile years—it was the spot where I

first beheld my Maria. "And," says I to myself, "it shall be the scene of more mature enjoyments—a spot sacred to love and domestic peace." Had Sir Philip given me the house and park only, without another foot of ground, or without a single guinea, I should never have recollected the bequest without shedding tears of gratitude to his memory.

And, methinks, there is something perfectly natural in this partiality for particular spots in the earth. The Hottentot loves his country, and would never forsake it; but the spot where his hut stands, the particular section which gave him existence, and witnessed his growth to manhood; where he exercised himself in youthful sports and gambled in youthful frolics—this spot possesses a peculiar interest to his feelings, which time can never obliterate; and whatever changes circumstances may have wrought in his situation—however much he may have been driven from clime to clime, and buffeted throughout the world, the sight of this spot will ever excite in his bosom a sweet and indescribable emotion, which calls into action all the liberalities of his nature. This feeling is not peculiar to the child of ignorance and nature; surely its influence will not disgrace the bosom of him who lives in more polished times or countries.

Born to no title, and merely the accidental inheritor of wealth, I began to think now, that even Sir Philip was in error, when he drew such an imaginary line of distinction between Maria and myself. We were both orphans—we were both equally poor—I had only the advantage in point of friends. "Where then," says I to myself, "was the mighty difference,

“which was to prove such an insurmountable barrier to our happiness?” It was evident that it had no real existence—that it was the offspring of a narrow prejudice, uncoun tenanced by reason.

Sir Philip had been buried nearly a week, and Lady Russel was so far recovered as to walk from one apartment to another, when I received a note from Lady Conolly, informing me of her arrival with Maria in Portman-square. I communicated its contents to Lady Russel. “You will bring them hither,” says she, taking my hand; “her ladyship will be a companion for me; and your Maria, when you can spare her, will, by her attentions, expedite my recovery.” “And if I could not spare her hourly to lessen your sufferings, my dear madam,” says I warmly, “I should make but an ungrateful return for your continual kindness to a destitute orphan.” The idea that I was an orphan awakened a painful sensation; and I could not sufficiently master my emotion to prevent the tears from trickling down my cheeks. Lady Russel saw my agitation, and drawing me close to her, pressed me to her bosom with true maternal solicitude, and replied, “You were ours by every tie of friendship, and nature; and, as you grew up, the developement of your good qualities riveted our affections most firmly.” The answer was too flattering to be omitted.

When I arrived in Portman-square, I found Maria alone. There was no longer necessity for reserve; our mutual feelings were free to display themselves. I was too happy to say much; she threw herself into my extended arms, “My Maria!” and “My Henry!” was all which passed between us of an audible na-

ture, until Lady Conolly entered the room. Her Ladyship took a hand of each of us, and united them. "Your constancy," says she, under the late gloomy appearance of things, proves the sincerity of your affection, and gives a fair promise of future happiness." I embraced Maria again; our felicity was as perfect as it was reciprocal.

"You must return with me, my love," says I, pressing Maria to my lips. A slight blush mantled her cheeks. I continued—"Lady Russel wishes you to perform for her the affectionate offices of a daughter; and Lady Conolly too, she would also hope——." Her ladyship did not suffer me to conclude my message. "Run, Maria," says she, "and dress yourself, Mr. Russel (I beg his pardon, Mr. Fitzgerald) will wait a few minutes." A shade of pensiveness swept across my countenance. Maria saw my depression, and, pressing my hand as she passed by me, whispered in my ear, "Banish gloomy reflections on the past, my Henry, and let your thoughts dwell on the future." It was the voice of the angel of consolation: I pressed her hand to my lips, and thanked her with a smile, as she left the room.

Lady Conolly drew her chair close to mine: "I want to tell you of my plan respecting your Maria," says she. I was instantly as attentive as such an interesting subject required of me to be. "She is very amiable," she continued. "She is indeed," says I. "She only wants fortune to render her your equal," she went on. "Fortune!" says I; "she wants nothing; she is already my equal; I should not adore her with such fervour had she wealth: my affection would then be mixed with a base alloy." "Listen,

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Mr. Fitzgerald," says her ladyship, "you would not allow me to proceed." I bowed, made an apology, and she proceeded. "I am getting old; and have no children. I have wealth to spare, and none but Maria to share it with me; and, since I have discovered her value, I have determined to lay aside twenty thousand pounds: not because I imagine this fortune will render her more dear to you, but as it will silence the voice of slander, and take away the ground from which a censorious world might attempt to annoy her happiness. No one can then say of her, that she brought you nothing but her poverty and her ambition." She paused; I gazed on her in silent admiration, for a few minutes, before I could exclaim, "Is it possible there can be two angels in the world?" She smiled at the impassioned ardour of my manner. "It is not on you that I wish to confer an obligation," says she.

It was not very unlike the conduct of certain corporations, who, when they wish to confer an especial favour on any individual, vote him the freedom of their city or town, and enclose this wonderful present in a finely embossed or enchased gold box, which is of about one hundred times the value of the privilege it contains. So it was with me. Lady Conolly gave me, with her twenty thousand pounds, a present beyond the purchase of gold; a gift to which a monarch's diadem would have been poor, and a sceptre of the world comparatively of no account.

"Your ladyship is magnificent in your liberality," says I after a brief pause. "I gratify myself more than any one besides," she replied; and who will attempt to censure me for an act of self-indulgence?"

"Your ladyship's method of supporting your conduct is not less noble than the act itself," I answered; "but," I continued—"were it ten times twenty thousand pounds which you would confer upon her, and were I ten times poorer than I now am; Maria should not be deprived of one sixpence of the gift; it is her's, and her's shall it remain: I disclaim every thing like a right to the smallest title of it: I will marry her, because I love her above all earthly objects: and I should despise myself, were I capable of appreciating her more highly, because she is more affluent."

Her ladyship made no verbal reply: and, in a few minutes, Maria re-entered the room, and Lady Connolly left us together while she ordered her carriage. I imparted to Maria the conversation which had passed between her ladyship and myself; but as the scene and the dialogue which ensued could only be interesting to us, who were more immediately concerned; and as love transactions are very often termed nonsensical, although those who call them so consider not that they are committing an offence against nature, I shall suppress all which passed on the present occasion; and if there are any who are vexed at the omission, I must recommend it to them; to let their imaginations supply the defect.

Lady Russel received her new guests with the warmest friendship: and, as I led my Maria to her, and implored her blessing on us, she wept tears of real delight, as she clasped us alternately to her bosom; and bade us be happy together. My feelings were in a tumult of delight: I endeavored to speak my thanks, but after several efforts I was compelled

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to desist. The blush on Maria's cheeks was the carmine of pleasure; and, as we dropped on our knees before Lady Russel, the spirits of our departed parents might have descended from their celestial abodes, and have felt even their ethereal joys increased by the contemplation of their children's happiness.

And if there be one moment of bliss in human life, which is superior to all others, it must be that in which two beings, whose affection for each other equals that of mine for Maria, and of my Maria's for me, are allowed to behold their sanguine hopes realized, and to blend their future prospects together. When I threw my arms around her, there was no oath now to interpose its hideousness betwixt my happiness and me; and, when my Maria returned my embrace, there were no fears, no doubts, to check the tender expression of love.

From this moment, at the particular desire of Lady Russel, her new friends took up their residence with us. The affectionate attentions of Maria, were, inexpressibly soothing to Lady Russel, who rapidly regained her strength, and was soon able to take short rides in her carriage. The impression of sorrow, caused by the sudden death of Sir Philip, gradually became less evident; as Time, the great physician, applied with careful hand his remedies, and almost imperceptibly extracted the thorn which had pierced and rankled in her peace.

The Abbé de Barsilly was a constant friend and visitor; as his character became more known, his acquaintance was more desirable; his virtues were not of the obtrusive nature: they did not burst upon the sight at once, and leave the observer nothing farther



to discover; but they progressively developed themselves, as particular circumstances called for their exercise—they were not of the ostentatious order, but shunned, rather than courted, notice; yet never avoided the opportunity to render service to mankind. The interesting Juliet gradually declined; she had long since resigned her hopes and wishes of a worldly nature, and was continually looking forward to a scene of future good! Yet there was nothing of melancholy in her conversation; although her form evidently weakened under the attacks of the disorder, her mind retained its strength, and a degree of cheerfulness chastened with a pensive tinge, which rendered her more interesting without causing her to appear gloomy or sorrowful. Frequently would I attempt to speak to her in the language of hope; but, although she seemed to be susceptible of my motives, she only listened, that she might the more effectually destroy the expectations I entertained.—“My dear friend,” says she, one day, after I had attempted to raise her hopes of a life of happiness, “you know little of my feelings when you reason on such a fallacious foundation. I have done with hopes and wishes which belong to earth; I have nothing left to attach me here.” I mentioned her father; a tear, for the first time, stood in her eye. “He will soon follow me,” said she, after a short pause, as if to let the struggles of nature subside. I had touched, however, upon a tender chord; it vibrated to her heart; she was unable to conceal her emotions; the fountains of sorrow were opened; and pressing my hand convulsively, she falteringly left the apartment. I saw her no more. A few days afterwards I receiv-

ed a message from the Abbé, requesting my presence. I went to him: he was overwhelmed with sorrow; his Juliet had just breathed out her soul in his arms. The intelligence was unexpected to me; my grief was scarcely less violent than his; but, when the first gust of grief was over, I attempted to speak comfort to him. I pointed him to Heaven, who had only recalled the object of its care from a sphere in which her virtues had never been rightly appreciated. He heard me with patience, but his sorrow was too deeply rooted for me to eradicate. The direction of the funeral was committed to me: the body was placed in our family vault.—“When circumstances will permit,” said I, “she shall be removed to the churchyard of St. Benedict.” The Abbé squeezed my hand, and the tears which rushed into his eyes spoke his gratitude more plainly than words.

The Count de N—— had, since his arrival in England, made very considerable progress in the affections of Emily Dutton. He was now regarded as her professed lover, and his happiness appeared to be rapidly approaching to its climax. I had frequently wished that the double nuptials should be celebrated on the same day; and, when I ventured to express my sentiments to Lady Conolly, who was deservedly so great a favourite with us all, she immediately undertook to convey my wishes to Mr. Dutton, and to arrange the business to my satisfaction.

While things were in this state, an excursion to Hastings was projected; the party consisted only of Ladies Russel and Conolly, the Abbé, Maria, and myself. The

depression under which the unfortunate Barsilly had laboured ever since the loss of his daughter, had defied every attempt to remove it ; and, as he was most highly esteemed by all, his restoration was a powerful inducement for undertaking this journey. He was sensible of the anxiety which every one felt in his recovery, and he was grateful, constantly endeavouring to force a smile, when his heart was evidently writhing with excessive anguish. My Maria had perceived my attachment to the venerable priest, and this might probably have urged her to redouble her attentions to him : she was as a daughter to him ; and her kindness would frequently recal him from his sorrows when every other effort had ineffectually been made.

According to Lady Conolly's arrangement, the family of the Duttons, and the Count de N——, were to follow us to the coast, and the solemnization of the nuptials was to take place in this romantic and retired spot. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that I should feel certain emotions of a pleasurable nature on approaching the town. "It is here," says I to myself, "that I am to be put in possession of the most valuable gem which the world can yield ; it is here that my doubts and fears are to receive their final extinction ; it is here that my hopes are to be fully realized ! it is here that my every earthly wish will find its complete consummation !" As we entered the place, I could not conceal my feelings, but, pressing the hand of Maria between my own, I could not avoid whispering in her ear, that this was the scene which was to mark the perfection of our happiness." A slight blush was the only reply she made.

In the course of a few days the Duttons arrived, and a day in the following week was fixed on to put the Count and myself in the possession of our respective brides. From this moment all was bustle and preparation. Lady Conolly still presided in the arrangements : every heart seemed joyful, except that of our unhappy friend the Abbé, and he even smiled in concert with the rest, although, at the same time, the point of the arrow which festered in his bosom was perceptible. " You shall give me my bride, my dear Abbé," says I to him. I wished to turn his thoughts from the gloomy channel into which they had evidently fallen. He replied, after a faint pause,—“ Would to Heaven I could have seen my Juliet as happy as your Maria will be !”—“ She is happier !” said I, with particular emphasis. The idea seemed to rouse him from his apathy. He smiled through his tears, and cast a look of pious resignation to Heaven. It evidently relieved him ; and he grew more composed.

I drew the Abbé to the beach : there was a vessel entering the harbour : in a few minutes a boat put off, and approached the spot where we stood. We involuntarily paused. “ Some unfortunate refugees, perchance,” says the Abbé, sighing as he spoke, “ driven by the persecutions of their own countrymen, to seek an asylum in this happy land.” I made no answer ; the boat was close in shore : and I was attentively observing a middle-aged man, of gentlemanly appearance, who was seated in the stern. There appeared to be a mixture of anxiety, sadness, and pleasure, in his countenance, but the faint beams which bespoke joy

were so obscured and clouded, that they were scarcely discernible. When the boat grounded, the stranger advanced to the bow, and attempted to step on shore ; I saw that he required assistance, and stretching out my hand, I offered it to him.—“ Thank you, young gentleman,” says he, accepting my offer. “ It is long, very long, since I trod my native shores before,” he continued, with a sigh,—“ six-and-twenty-years ; and Heaven knows what melancholy greetings may assail me !”

I felt a strong respect for the stranger ; his manner, his voice, his countenance interested me ; it was not often that I felt this prepossession. I recollect but two or three instances of it in my life : when I saw my Maria, when I met with the Abbé de Barsilly, and when I was introduced to Lady Conolly. This feeling was most powerfully excited on the present occasion. I could not account for it ; I would have invited him to dine with us, but I knew not how to excuse such an act of officiousness towards a stranger. While I was still hesitating, the Abbé, who had been conversing with the stranger, called me by my name. “ Fitzgerald !” cried the stranger, starting, and, fixing his eyes eagerly upon me : he immediately continued, “ Alas ! it is not possible ! the youngest of my family must be much older.” I was still more struck by his singularity of manner : it decided me. “ I will invite him to dine with us,” says I to myself ; “ it will be an act of hospitality ; and my friends will give him a welcome.” My invitation was accepted ; the Abbé stepped back to give directions respecting the trunks which were being landed, and the stranger and myself proceeded along the beach.

"Did your family reside in London, sir?" says I, for I felt an irresistible curiosity to learn something more of him. He paused a moment; the tears started into his eyes.—"Yet, why this emotion?" says he; "perhaps she yet lives." I began to fear that I had been too inquisitive, and that he was hurt by my curiosity; but this apprehension was soon removed by his replying,—"I had a wife, sir, in London, young, amiable, and affectionate. Could I but hope to find her alive, and still constant to me, my past sorrows will appear as nothing." I found my interest towards him increase prodigiously. "Alas!" he resumed, "we had been united scarcely a week, when fate decreed our separation." I could scarcely breathe, my agitation was so excessive.—"And your name?" says I eagerly.—"It is an unfortunate one," he replied,—"*Fitzgerald*."—"Great God!" says I to myself, "is it possible that——." I checked the improbable suggestion. Could there be no other *Fitzgerald*? Reason replied in the affirmative; and I felt the keenness of my disappointment.

The stranger had witnessed in my countenance the strength of my emotions: he suspected that I knew more of his family than I had ventured to express.—"Speak, sir," says he; "tell me, do you know any thing of her? For mercy's sake tell me if she lives!" I assured him of my inability to answer the question. His countenance immediately fell. "To be sure," I continued, assuming as much indifference as I could, "I have heard of a *Fitzgerald*, who was ordered on foreign service about the time you mention; but, alas!

he was killed soon afterwards in an engagement with the enemy." The sigh which escaped from me was responded by my new friend. At that moment the Abbé came up, and the subject was dropped.

Lady Conolly and Maria only were at home when we arrived. They received my guest with an ardour which delighted me. He, however, appeared to be frequently lost in thought, as if some weighty subject occupied his mind. I had a miniature picture of my mother, which Lady Russel had given to me, and I had constantly worn it in my bosom. Being heated with my walk, I had thrown open my waistcoat, and the picture dangled in view. The stranger was sitting near me ; the splendour of the ornaments attached to it, attracted his notice. " It is beautifully set," said he. I put it into his hand, as I returned,—“ It has the semblance of one whose memory must ever be sacred to me.” He took it, and fixed his eyes on it : but the miniature instantly fell from his grasp.—“ Gracious God ! what do I see !” ejaculated the agitated stranger, staggering across the apartment : the Abbé ran to his assistance. I was stupified with amazement ; but, as I gradually returned to reason, the whole truth burst upon me. I sprang towards the hitherto unknown, and throwing myself on my knees before him, as he slowly recovered, exclaimed,—“ Oh ! my loved, my long-lost father, bless your son !” I could no more ; excess of emotion overpowered me, and I fell on the floor.

When I recovered the use of my faculties, I was supported in the arms of my father, and Maria was en-

gaged in restoring me. He pressed me to his bosom with truly paternal fondness, while the tears chased each other down his cheeks. He wished evidently to ask respecting my mother, but his courage failed him ; his voice was overpowered by the mingled sensations of his bosom ; and he could only take the miniature in his hand, and cast an inquiring eye upon my countenance. I understood his glance ; and replied by elevating my eyes to Heaven. The expression, however, was imperfect ; and I ejaculated in a mournful voice, scarcely intelligible,—“ She reposes on the bosom of her God.”

My father concealed his face with his hands ; his emotions were rather deep than violent. After a few minutes’ pause, he resumed his composure, and casting a look of mingled gratitude and resignation to Heaven, he exclaimed,—“ I thank thee, O God ! that thou hast left me my son.” He grew more calm after this ejaculation, and desired me to relate all that I knew of my mother’s unhappy fate, together with the events connected with my past life. Maria withdrew with Lady Conolly, and, being left alone with my father, I entered into a detail of my history, not omitting the slightest transaction. He smiled at the ardour with which I spoke of Maria, and, when I concluded by asking his consent to my wishes, he replied,—“ My dear Henry, she is the object of your choice, may you be happy as a father’s heart can wish !” It was now for the first time, that my bosom felt the influence of filial emotions. “ O holy Nature,” says I to myself, —“ thou hast implanted in the heart a never-failing



criterion by which the genuineness of human feelings is tried." The warmest sentiments of affection which I had felt for Sir Philip were cold when compared with the sensations which now triumphed within me ; and it was not until I had found him, that I was at all capable of estimating correctly the value of the loss I had sustained in being so long deprived of a father. Nature doth betray herself by so many little kindnesses and sympathies, to which thousands who are isolated from kindred are callous, that he who attempts to commit a fraud upon her, seldom fails to prove his own accuser. There is something in the eye of a fond parent, which he who is not a parent would vainly strive to imitate,—there is something in the tone and manner of a parent, which nature has denied to all others. There is also a sensation peculiar to the filial bosom which the orphan knows not ; for the reciprocation of the duties and tendernesses of nature is an intercourse which none but the children of nature can enjoy. Had I not found a father, I should have remained ignorant of the value of filial feeling, until my thread of life had snapped asunder.

" I was naturally anxious to learn something of the events which had occurred to my father ; but he waved entering on this detail, until our friends were all present. Before the close of the day, however, a favourable opportunity offered itself, and my father commenced his promised narrative.

" When I embarked for America, I felt that I was leaving behind me all which rendered life desirable. A secret and terrible prescience, a prophetic horror, rushed upon my mind. I was convinced that our separa-

tion was eternal. How did I survive this mental disorder ! Gracious Heaven ! why was I spared to see the prophecy fulfilled ! Yet I am ungrateful to repine. I have found a tie of which I was ignorant ; there is yet a flower left in the devastated garden of existence !

“ A prosperous voyage conveyed us in safety to our place of destination. It was apprehended that the Americans would adopt hostile measures against the mother country ; and we were ordered to the neighbourhood of Lexington, where the spirit of revolt had assumed the most decisive form. The apprehensions which had caused this movement were fully realized, and the first action between the king's troops and the colonial forces was fought at this place. Early in the contest, I received a wound, and fell into the hands of the Americans ; and when the battle was terminated, I was sent with a few others, under an escort to New-York. The oppressive treatment which these spirited people had endured, had excited in their bosoms a rooted enmity to my countrymen ; for, alas ! they paused not to discriminate between the principals and the agents of the government ; on the latter they retaliated the insults and injuries which had emanated from the former. I had sworn fidelity to my king, and my sense of honour would not allow me to hold back from fighting the battles of my country ; but I was, in secret, a decided enemy to the system which had caused the rupture with America. It was a long march from Lexington to New-York ; and we were ill provided for the journey. Over a rough and parched surface we walked barefooted, our feet bleeding and

blistered at every step we took ; the enraged people, so far from assisting us, appeared to derive pleasure from the contemplation of our miseries, and suffered no opportunity of increasing their magnitude to pass by unimproved. When we reached the end of our march, we were half dead with fatigue and bodily disease. I had suffered so much pain from the reflection that I should never more behold my adored Sarah, that I was more fit for death than life ; and for upwards of ten months I was unable to enjoy the little privileges which were allowed me. At the end of this period, however, I recovered from my illness, but a deep and indelible melancholy had taken possession of me ; and, although I was allowed to go abroad on parole, the sight of happiness in others only served to add a deeper shade to my misery. Here I remained, until the progress of the British troops rendered it expedient that we should be removed to a place of more security ; and we were consigned to the care of one of the native chiefs, favourable to the American cause, who marched us into the remote districts of the country, where our situation became more desperate than it had previously been. In the forming and fashioning of weapons of hostility we were incessantly employed, continually subject to the goading insults which savage ferocity chose to offer us, without the means of deriving any information respecting our European connexions, without a single hope of ultimate escape or liberation.

“ Years passed away, and our sorrows were not likely to obtain any alleviation : we had looked forward with a hope that a definitive treaty of peace

would bring us the relief we wished : but when that event took place, we had to learn that we were no longer considered as prisoners of war, but that from the moment we had fallen into the hands of our new masters, we were, in name and in fact, nothing more than slaves. This piece of intelligence, afflictive as it was, produced not that violence of emotion which might have been expected to result from it : time had destroyed that fine susceptibility of feeling in our bosoms which shrinks from the slightest touch of affliction ; continual attacks had rendered it callous. Like the beast to his burden, we daily returned to the toil allotted us ! and like the beasts, nightly returned to our wretched shed. We at length became so familiar with wretchedness, that we could sport with our fetters, and crack jests upon the scourge which was held over us. Good God ! to what a degraded state will not continual adversity reduce majestic man ! I had given up all hopes of ever seeing the country which contained my Sarah ; and if I could behold it, I have often thought, it is unlikely that she who loved me so truly should so long have survived the idea that I was for ever lost ! This reflection almost robbed me of a wish to return to England ! A plan for our escape, however, had long been in agitation amongst my companions in misfortune, and it was submitted to me. It was then I found that seventeen years of slavery had not destroyed the wish for freedom in my breast ; it had only lain dormant until it was roused into action ; and now it awoke in all its native energy. The plan was eagerly embraced ; and, every thing being arranged, one evening,

on our retirement to our shed, we emancipated ourselves from our fetters, and bent our way to the southward. We were eight in number, and we had provided ourselves with fire-arms, swords, and spears. Through the whole of the night we continued our march ; the mountains offered no impediment to our way ; the roughness of the road was unfelt, the dreary length of our journey appalled us not, for we were in pursuit of our liberty. Whether the natives considered us of too little value to be pursued ; or whether they took a wrong direction ; they disturbed us not in our retreat ; and, after traversing the almost unknown wastes and forests of Guiana, Paraguay, and Amazonia, we reached the fertile country bordering on the Rio de la Plata. Being at this time on terms of amity with the British Government, the Spaniards allowed us to remain among them, until by our industry and application we had gained a little property, when I availed myself of the first opportunity to embark for my native country."

My father concluded his narrative. The interest which every one had displayed during its recital was a balm to his wounded heart. Maria had wept at his sorrows, and the liveliness of her emotions had riveted his affection to her.—" My children," says he, taking a hand of each, and uniting them, " may your union prove more productive of happiness than mine did with my angelic Sarah ! I would live to behold your felicity : and, when I have contemplated that for a short time, I shall wish to be re-united in another sphere to her who was my Heaven in this." The tears rushed down his cheeks as he finished this ejaculation ; and, leaning on

my arm, he retired to his apartment : his grief was too sacred even for the eye of those who were beloved by him to witness.

The holy workings of nature in my bosom were incessant and powerful. They had never been impaired by previous action ; but, in their state of inactivity, had acquired such strength, that, now they were called into play, they had rioted in my breast with an intemperance which threatened to suffocate me. " O my father," says I to myself, as I returned from his apartment, " I would have willingly shared thy captivity : could I have lessened thy sufferings, I would have relinquished the smiles and the wealth of Sir Philip, to have purchased thy happiness."—" Aye," I continued, making a full stop on the stairs, " I would have relinquished every thing." At that moment the image of Maria rose to my mind's eye, as if to reproach me for setting so little value on her ; I felt my weakness on this point ; and immediately moderated the expression —" I would have relinquished every thing but Maria !" says I. Nature and love were both satisfied : I felt that I had done injustice to neither ; my feelings were greatly relieved by my secret ejaculation : a suffusion of tears succeeded ; the discharge was salutary, and I returned to my friends with a heart less flattered by its palpitation than it had been since I left them.

The morning at length arrived which was to behold the completion of my earthly happiness. My father gave me my Maria, and Mrs. Dutton gave Emily to the Count de N——. There was no indecent exultation on the countenances of the happy groupe assembled on this occasion. The felicity was too mighty to be pictured on the face ; it was fixed in the heart.

It was that temperate delight which is pure in its source and durable in its nature : and the only expression of it which escaped me, was a convulsive throb which burst from my heart, as I clasped my lovely bride to that bosom which was henceforth to be her pillow. "O Merciful Disposer of Events !" said I, bending my knees when I returned to my apartment, after the ceremony was performed, "thou hast given us, with the capability of enjoying it, the means of promoting the happiness of each other ; and when misery overtakes us, how much more frequently ought it to be attributed to the collision of human frailties, and the indisposition to second each other's enjoyments, which exists in the bosoms of men, than to any severe interference of thy Providence, or to any wish of thine that thy creatures should suffer."

And the more I think of this sentiment, the more am I convinced that its latitude greatly exceeds what may be conceded to it at a first glance. It not only bears reference to the actions and comforts of individuals, but to national interests and the general welfare ; for, were this principle universally allowed and acted upon, the discords and atrocities which divide nations, and disgrace a people, would cease to have an existence amongst us ; the sword would rust in its scabbard ; the thunder of artillery would be forgotten ; the trumpet's brazen sound would no longer be the signal of desolation ; but the chain of everlasting friendship would extend from the frigid to the torrid zones ; and the treaties of councils for the preservation of rights would only be found in the history of those times which were remote from virtue and inimical to justice.

I had coloured the picture to the highest tint of which it was capable : I had wound up my mind to the extremity of enthusiastic. " Good God !" says I to myself, " why was not man endued with sufficient reason to see this : and sufficient uprightness of judgment and strength of resolution to bring about such a desirable epoch in the annals of the world !" My mind was so full of philanthropy at that moment, that, had I been director of the British councils, all the blood which has since deluged the shores of the European continent, in consequence of the revolutionary war would certainly have been spared.—I should have been inclined to acknowledge the French republic, and to have acknowledged every other empire in the world a republic, rather than that the life of a single human being should have been wasted. In contesting the point, I don't pretend to decide on the prudence or policy of such a line of conduct.

After our marriage, the Abbé de Barsilly lived about four years, the taper of existence wore gradually away : his latter days were consistent with the tenor of his former life ; calm, dignified, instructive. Full of virtuous resignation to the will of Heaven, he looked forward to join his family in a world where reward is proportioned to goodness, and where republics and revolutions can create no misery. " My dear friend," says he, affectionately pressing my hand, a few days before his death, " lay me by the side of my Juliet ; and if ever peace should unite these two warring nations——." He paused ; I understood the nature of his request. " One yew shall drop its dew on all," I replied, returning his pressure. Joy lighted up



his eyes ; he thanked me in a voice scarcely articulate ; and before many days had elapsed after this conversation, his remains were deposited in the vault of the Russells, by the side of his Juliet.

The rest of our family circle are still living. My Maria and myself have been united upwards of seventeen years, and our happiness exceeds what it was at the commencement of our union. Four children have blessed our marriage ; the girls possess the beauty and the amiable qualities of their mother ; and frequently, as I mark the rapid progress of my boys, *I says, says I*, " There is little fear that the simplicity of the father will be perpetuated in the sons ! "

One circumstance had escaped me. My father, on enquiring after his family, found that his father and mother were dead, and, as he was the only child, their property had descended to a remote part of the family. " If he is deserving," says my father, " God forbid that I should disturb him in his enjoyments." The young man was deserving, and my father molested him not. He was satisfied with a neat cottage on the domain of Hendon, where he could enjoy the society of those he loved ; and I was already richer than I needed, with a prospect of having my fortune trebled whenever it shall please the Disposer of Life to call to himself the Ladies Russell and Conolly.

But whenever this idea crosses my mind, with an ardour the most sincere, *I says, says I*, (and my Maria most fervently joins in the sentiment,) " May they live as long as life can produce happiness to them ! and, as their progress through life has been that of a virtuous man, its termination be full of peace and glory." 17

THE END

